

THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESSE.

ACTED AT SOMERSET
House before the KING and
QUEENE on Twelſe night
laſt, 1633.

And divers times ſince with great ap-
plauſe at the Private Houſe in Blacke-
Friers, by his Maieſties Servants.

Written by JOHN FLETCHER.

The third Edition, with Addition.



LONDON,

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to the Middle Temple in Fleet-
ſtreet. 1634.

To my friend Master Iohn Fletcher, upon his
faithfull Shepheardesse.

I know too well, that no more then the man
That travells through the burning Desart, can
When he is beaten with the raging Sunne,
Halfe smotherd with the dust, have power to runne
From a coole River, which himselfe doth finde,
Ere he be slack'd, no more can he whose minde
Ioyes in the Muses, hold from that delight,
When nature, and his full thoughts bid him write:
Yet with I those whom I for friends have knowne,
To sing their thoughts to no cares but their owne.
Why should the man, whose wit nere had a staine,
Upon the publike Stage present his vaine,
And make a thousand men in Iudgement sit,
To call in question his undoubted wit,
Scarce two of which can understand the lawes
Which they should judge by, nor the parties cause?
Among the rout there is not one that hath
In his owne censure an explicite faith;
One company knowing they Iudgement lacke,
Ground their belife on the next man in blacke:
Others, on him that makes signes, and is mute,
Some like as he does in the fairest sute,
He as his Mistresse doth, and she by chance:
Nor wants there those, who as the Boy doth dance
Betweene the Acts, will censure the whole Play;
Some if the Waxe lights be new that day,
But multitudes there are whose judgements goes
Headlong according to the Actors cloathes.
For this, these publike things and I, agree
So ill, that but to doe a right to thee,
I had not beene perswaded to have hurld
These few, ill spoken lines, into the world,
Both to be read, and censur'd of, by those,
Whose very reading makes Vessellence Prose,
Such as must spend above ambace, to sell
A Challenge on a Post, to know it well:
But since it was thy hap to throw away,
Much wit, for which the people did not pay,
Because they saw it not, I not dislike
This second publication, which may strike
Their consciences, to see the thing they scorn'd,
To be with so much wit and Art adorn'd.
Besides one vantage more in this I see,
Your censurers now must have the qualitie
Of reading, which I am afraid is more
Then halfe your shrewdest Iudges had before.



Fr: Beaumont.

CAn my approvement (Sir) be worth your thanks?
Whose unknowne name and muse (in swathing clouts)
Is not yet growne to strength, among these ranks
To have a roome, and beare off the sharpe flouts
Of this our pregnant age, that does despise
All innocent verse that lets alone her vice.

But I must justifie what privately
I censured to you: my ambition is
(Even by my hopes and love to Poetrie)
To live to perfect such a worke as this,
Clad in such elegant proprietie
Of words including a morallitie.

So sweet and profitable, though each man that heares,
(And learning has enough to clap and hisse)
Arrives not too't, so misty it appears;
And to their filmed reasons, so amisse:
But let Art looke in truth, she like a mirror,
Reflect her consort, ignorances terror

Sits in her owne brow, being made afraid
Of her unnaturall complexion,
As ugly women (when they are araid
By glasses) loath their true reflection;
Then how can such opinions injure thee,
That tremble at their owne deformitie?

Opinion, that great foole, makes fooles of all,
And (once) I fear'd her till I met a mind
Whose grave instructions Philosophicall,
Toss'd it like dust upon a march strong wind,
He shall for ever my example be,
And his embraced doctrine grow in me.

His soule (and such commend this) that commands
Such Art, it should me better satisfie,
Then if the monster clapt his thousand hands
And drown'd the Scene with his confused cry;
And if doubts rise, loe their owne names to cleare'em
Whilst I am happy but to stand so neere'em.

To the worthy Author M^r. IO: FLETCHER.

The wise, and many headed Bench, that sits
Upon the Life, and Death of Playes, and Wits,
(Compos'd of Gamster, Captaine, Knight, Knight's man,
Lady, or Puffill, that weares maske or fan,
Velvet, or Taffata cap, rank'd in the darke
With the shops Foreman, or some such brave sparke,
That may judge for his sixe-pence) had, before
They saw it halfe, damd thy whole Play, and more.
Their motives were, since it had not to doe
With vices, which they look'd for, and came to.
I, that am glad, thy Innocence was thy Guilt,
And with that all the *Muses* bloud were spilt,
In such a Martyrdome; To vex their eyes,
Do crowne thy mured poeme: which shall rise
A glorified worke to Time, when Fire,
Or moathes shall eate, what all these Fooles admire. Ben: Jonson.

To his loving friend M^r. IO: FLETCHER.

There are no sureties (good friend) Will be taken
For workes that vulgar-good-name hath forsaken.
A Poeme and a Play too! why tis like
A Scholler that's a poet: their names strike
Their pestilence inward, when they take the ayre;
And kill out right: one cannot both fates beare.
But, as a Poet that's no scholler, makes
Vulgarity his Whiffer, and so takes
Passage with ease, and state through both sides prease
Of pageant-seers: or as schollers please
That are no Poets, more then Poets learn'd;
Since their Art solely, is by soules discern'd;
The others fall within the common sense,
And sheds (like common light) her influence:
So, were your Play no Poeme, but a thing
That every Cbler to his patch might sing,
A rout of mistes (like the multitude)
With no one limbe of any Art enaude,
Like would to like, and praise you: but because,
Your Poeme onely hath by us applause,
Renews the golden world, and holds through all
The holy lawes of homely pastoral,
Where flowres, and founts, and Nymphs, and semi-gods,
And all the Graces finde their old abodes;
Where forrests flourish but in endlesse Verse,
And meddowes, nothing fit for purchasers,
This Iron age that eates it selfe, will never
Bite at your golden world, that others ever
Loud doe it selfe: then like your Book doe you
Live in old Peace: and that for praise allowe.

Vnto his worthy friend Mr. Ioseph Taylor
upon his presentment of the Faithfull Shepherdesse
before the King and Queene, at White-hall, on
Twelfth night last: 1633.

WHen this smooth Pastorall was first brought forth,
The Age twas borne in, did not know it's worth.
Since by thy cost, and industry reviv'd,
It hath a new fame, and new birth atchiv'd.
Happy in that shee found in her distresse,
A friend, as faithfull, as her Shepherdesse.
For having cur'd her from her courser rents,
And deckt her new with fresh habiliments,
Thou brought'st her to the Court, and made her be
A fitting spectacle for Majestie.
So have I seene a clowded beauty drest
In a rich vesture, shine above the rest.
Yet did it not receive more honour from
The glorious pompe, then thine owne action.
Expect no satisfaction for the same,
Poets can render no reward but Fame.
Yet this Ile prophesie, when thou shalt come
Into the confines of *Elysium*
Amidst the Quire of Muses, and the lists
Of famous Actors, and quicke Dramatists,
So much admir'd for gesture, and for wit,
That there on Seats of living Marble sit,
The blessed Consort of that numerous Traine,
Shall rise with an applause to entertaine
Thy happy welcome, causing thee sit downe,
And with a Lawrell-wreath thy temples crowne.
And meane time, while this Poeme shall be read,
Taylor, thy name shall be eternized.
For it is just, that thou, who first did'st give
Vnto this booke a life, by it should'st live.

SHACK. MARMYON.

This Dialogue newly added, was
spoken by way of Prologue to both
their Majesties at the first acting of
this Pastorall at Somerset-house
on Twelſe-night 1633.

Priest.

A Broyling Lambe on Pans chiefe Altar lies,
My Wreath, my Censor, Virge, and Incense by:
But I delay'd the pretious sacrifice,
To shew thee here, a gentler Deity.

Nymph.

Nor was I to thy sacred Summons slow,
Hither I came as swift as th' Eagles wing,
Or threatening shaft from vext Dianaes bow,
To see this Islands God; the worlds best King.

Priest.

Blesse then that Queene, that doth his eyes invite
And cares, to obey her Scepter, halfe this night.

Nymph.

Let's sing such welcomes, as shall make Her sway
Seeme easie to Him, though it last till day.

Welcome as Peace & unwall'd Citties, when
Famine & Sward leave them more graves then men.
As Spring to Birds, or Noone-dayes Sun to th' old
Poore mountayne Muscovite congeald with cold,
As Shore to th' Pilote in a safe knowne Coast
When's Carde is broken & his Rudder lost.



THE FAITHFULL SHEPHERDESSE.

Actus primi, Scena prima.

*Enter Clorin a Shepherdesse, having buryed her
love in an Arbour.*

HAile holy earth, whose cold armes doe imbrace,
The truest man that ever fed his flocks
By the fat plaines of fruitfull *Theffaly*,
Thus I salute thy grave, thus doe I pay
My early vowes, and tribute of mine eyes
To thy still loved ashes; thus I free
My selfe from all ensuing heates and fires
Of love: all sports, delights and jolly games
That Shepherds hold full deare, thus put I off.
Now no more shall these smooth browes be gilt
With youthfull coronals, and lead the dance,
No more the company of fresh faire maids
And wanton shepherds be to me delightfull,
Nor the shrill pleasing sound of merry pipes
Under some shady dell, when the coole winde
Playes on the leaves; all be farre away,
Since thou art farre away, by whose deare side
How often have I sat crownd with fresh flowers
For summers queene, whilst every shepherd boy
Puts on his lusty greene, with gaudy hooke,
And hanging scrip of finest cordevan.
But thou art gone, and these are gone with thee,
And all are dead but thy deare memorie
That shall out-live thee, and shall ever spring
Whilst there are pipes, or jolly shepherds sing.

And

And here will I in honour of thy love,
Dwell by thy grave, forgetting all those joyes,
That former times made precious to mine eyes,
Onely remembring what my youth did gaine
In the darke hidden vertuous use of hearbes :
That will I practise, and as freely give
All my endeavours, as I gain'd them free.
Of all greene wounds I know the remedies,
In men or cattell, be they stung with snakes,
Or charm'd with powerfull words of wicked art,
Or be they love-sicke, or through too much heat
Growne wilde or lunaticke, their eyes or eares
Thickned with misty filme of dulling rheume ;
These I can cure, such secret vertue lies
In hearbes applyed by a virgins hand :
My meat shall be what these wilde woods afford,
Berries, and Chesnuts, Plantanes, on whose checks
The Sun smiles, and the lofty fruit
Pul'd from the faire head of the straight growne pine ;
On these Ile feed with free content and rest,
When night shall blind the world, by thy side blest.

Enter a Satyre.

Saty. Through yon same bending plaine
That flings his armes downe to the maine,
And through these thicke woods have I run,
Whose bottome never kist the Sunne
Since the lusty Spring began,
All to please my Master Pan,
Have I trotted without rest
To get him fruit, for at a feast
He entertaines this comming night,
His Paramour, the *Syrinx* bright :
But behold a fairer sight!
By that heavenly forme of thine,
Brightest faire thou art divine,
Sprung from great immortall race
Of the gods : for in thy face
Shines more awfull Majesty,

He stands amazed.

Then

The faithfull Shepherdesse.

Then dall weake mortalitie
Dare with misty eyes behold
And live, therefore on this mould,
Lowly doe I bend my knee,
In worship of thy deitie;
Deigne it goddesse from my hand,
To receive what eke this land
From her fertile wombe doth send
Of her choise fruits : and but lend
Beliefe to that the Satyre tels,
Fairer by the famous wels,
To this present day nere grew,
Never better nor more true,
Here be grapes whose lusty blood
Is the learned Poets good,
Sweeter yet did never crowne
The head of *Bacchus*, nuts more browne
Then the *Squirils* teeth that cracke them,
Deigne O fairest faire to take them,
For these blacke ey'd *Driops*
Hath oftentimes commanded me,
With my clasped knee to clime;
See how well the lusty time
Hath deckt their rising cheeks in red,
Such as on your lips is spred,
Here be berries for a *Queene*,
Some be red, some be Greene,
These are of that luscious meat,
The great god *Pan* himselfe doth care :
All these, and what the woods can yield,
The hanging mountaine or the field,
I freely offer, and ere long
Will bring you more, more sweet and strong,
Till when humbly leave I take,
Lest the great *Pan* doe awake,
That sleeping lies in a deepe glade,
Vnder a broad Beeches shade :
I must goe, I must run,
Swifter then the fiery Sun,

Exit.

The faithfull Shepherdesse.

Clorin. And all my feares goe with thee.
What greatnesse or what private hidden power,
Is there in me to draw submission,
From this rude man, and beast? sure I am mortall:
The daughter of a Shepherd, he was mortall:
And she that bore me mortall: pricke my hand
And it will bleed: a feaver shakes me,
And the selfe same wind that makes the young lambs shrink,
Makes me a cold, my feare sayes I am mortall:
Yet I have heard (my mother told it me)
And now I doe beleeeve it, if I keepe
My virgin flower uncropt, pure, chaste, and faire,
No Goblin, wood-god, faery, Elfe, or Fiend,
Satyre, or other power that haunts the groves,
Shall hurt my body, or by vaine illusion,
Draw me to wander after idle fires;
Or voyces calling me in dead of night,
To make me follow, and so tole me on,
Through mire and standing pooles, to find my ruine:
Else why shoud this rough thing, who never knew
Manners, nor smoo h humanity, whose heates
Are rougher then himselfe, and more mishapen,
Thus mildely kneele to me? sure there is a power
In that great name of virgin, that binds fast
All rude uncivill bloods, all appetites
That breake their confines: then strong chastity,
Be thou my strongest guard, for heare Ile dwell
In opposition against Fate and Hell.

*Enter an old Shepherd, with foure couple of Shep-
herds and Shepherdesses.*

Old Shep. Now we have gone this holy festivall
In honour of our great god, and his rights
Perform'd, prepare your selves for chaste
And uncorrupted fires: that as the Priest,
With powerfull hand shall sprinkle on your Browes
His pure and holy water, yee may be
From all hot flames of lust, and loose thoughts free.
Kneele Shepherds kneele, here comes the Priest of Pan.

Enter Priest.

Priest. Shepherds, thus I purge away,

What

The faithfull Shepherdesse.

Whatsoever this great day,
Or the past houres gave not good,
To corrupt your mayden blood:
From the high rebellious heat
Of the grapes, and strength of meat,
From the wanton quicke desires,
They doe kindle by their fires.
I doe wash you with this water,
Bee you pure and faire hereafter.
From your livers and your veines,
Thus I take away the staines.
All your thoughts be smooth and faire,
Bee ye fresh and free as ayre.
Never more let lustfull heat
Through your purged conduits beat,
Or a plighted troath be broken,
Or a wanton verse bee spoken
In a Shepherdesses care;
Goe your wayes, y^e are all cleare.

They rise and sing in praise of Pan.

The Song.

*Sing his prayes that doth keepe,
Our Flockes from harme,
Pan the Father of our sheepe,
And arme in arme
Tread wee softly in a round,
Whilst the hollow neighbouring ground
Fills the musicke with her sound,
Pan, O great god, Pan to thee
Thus doe wee sing:
Thou that keepest us chaste and free,
As the young spring,
Ever bee thy honour spoke,
From that place the morne is broke,
To that place Day doth unyoke.*

Exeunt omnes but Perigot and Amoret.

Peri. Stay gentle *Amoret* thou faire browd Mayde,
Thy Shepherd prayes thee stay, that holds thee deere,

Equall with his soules good.

Amo. Speake; I give
Thee freedome Shepherd, and thy tongue be still
The same it ever was; as free from ill;
As he whose conversation never knew
The Court or Citie: be thou ever true.

Peri. When I fall off from my affection,
Or mingle my cleane thoughts with foule desires,
First let our great god cease to keepe my flocks,
That being left alone without a guard,
The wolfe, or Winters rage, Summers great heat,
And want of water, rots; or what to us
Of ill is yet unknowne, full speedily,
And in their generall ruine let mee goe.

Amo. I pray thee gentle Shepherd with not so,
I doe beleeeve thee: 'tis as hard for me
To thinke thee false, and harder then for thee
To hold me foule. *Peri.* O you are fairer farre
Than the chaste blushing morne, or that faire starre
That guides the wandring seaman thorow the deepe,
Straighter than straightest pine upon the steepe
Head of an aged mountaine, and more white
Than the new milke we strip before day light
From the full freighted bags of our faire flocks:
Your haire more beautious than those hanging locks
Of young *Apollo*.

Amo. Shepherd bee not lost,
Ye are faild too farre already from the coast
Of our discourse.

Peri. Did you not tell me once
I should not love alone, I should not loose
Those many passions, vowes, and holy oathes,
I have sent to heaven: did you not give your hand,
Even that faire hand in hostage? doe not then
Give backe againe those sweets to other men,
You your selfe vowd were mine.

Amo. Shepherd, so farre as maydens modestie
May give assurance, I am once more thine,
Once more I give my hand; be over free
From that great foe to faith, foule Iealousie.

Peri. I take it as my best good, and desire
For stronger confirmation of our love,
To meet this happy night in that faire grove,
Where all true shepherds have rewarded been
For their long service: say sweet, shall it hold?

Amo. Deare friend, you must not blame me if I make
A doubt of what the silent night may doe,
Coupled with this dayes heat to move your bloud:
Maids must be fearfull; sure you have not been
Wash'd white enough, for yet I see a staine
Sticke in your liver, goe and purge againe.

Peri. O doe not wrong my honest simple truth,
My selfe and my affections are as pure
As those chaste flames that burne before the shrine
Of the great *Dian*: onely my intent
To draw you thither, was to plight our troaths,
With enterchange of mutuall chaste imbraces,
And ceremonious tying of our selves:
For to that holy wood is consecrate
A vertuous well, about whose flowery bankes,
The nimble-footed Faeries daunce their rounds,
By the pale mooneshine, dipping oftentimes
Their stolen children, so to make them free
From dying flesh, and dull mortallitie;
By this faire fount hath many a Shepherd sworne,
And given away his freedome, many a troath
Been plight, which neither envie, nor old time
Could ever breake, with many a chaste kisse given,
In hope of comming happinesse; by this
Fresh fountaine many a blushing mayd
Hath crown'd the head of her long loved shepherd
With gaudy flowers, whilst he happy sung
Layes of his love and deare captivtie;
There growes all hearbes fit to coole looser flames
Our sensuall parts provoke, chiding our bloods,
And quenching by their power those hidden sparks
That else would breake out, and provoke our sense,
To open fires, so vertuous is that place:
Then gentle Shepherdesse beleve and grant,
In troath it fits not with that face to scant

Your faithfull Shepherd of those chaste desires,
He ever aynd at, and ———

Amo. Thou hast prevaild, farewell, this comming night
Shall crowne thy chaste hopes with long wish'd delight.

Peri. Our great god *Pan* reward thee for that good,
Thou hast given thy poore Shepherd fairest bud
Of Mayden vertues: when I leave to be
The true admirer of thy chastitie,
Let me deserve the hot polluted name
Of the wilde woodman, or affect some dame,
Whose often prostitution hath begot
More foule diseases, then ever yet the hot
Sun bred through his burnings, whilst the dog
Pursues the raging Lyon, throwing fog
And deadly vapour from his angry breath,
Filling the lower world with plague and death. *Exit Amo.*

Enter Amarillis.

Amaril. Shepherd may I desire to be believed,
What I shall blushing tell?

Peri. Faire Mayd you may.

Amar. Then softly thus, I love thee *Periget*,
And would be gladder to be lov'd againe,
Then the cold earth is in his frozen armes
To clip the wanton Spring: nay doe not start,
Nor wonder that I woe thee! thou that art
The prime of our young groomes, even the top
Of all our lustie shepherds: what dull eye
That never was acquainted with desire,
Hath scene thee wrastle, run, or cast the stone,
With nimble strength and faire delivery,
And hath not sparckled fire, and speedily
Sent secret heat to all the neighbouring veines?
Who ever heard thee sing, that brought againe
That freedome backe was lent unto thy voyce?
Then doe not blame me (Shepherd) if I be
One to be numbred in this company,
Since none that ever saw thee yet were free.

Peri. Faire Shepherdesse much pittie I can lend;

The faithfull Shepherdesse.

To your complaints : but sure I shall not love :
All that is mine, my selfe and my best hopes,
Are given already : doe not love him then
That cannot love againe : on other men
Bestow those heates more free, that may returne
You fire for fire, and in one flame equall burne.

Amaril. Shall I rewarded be so slenderly
For my affection, most unkind of men?
If I were old, or had agreed with Art,
To give another nature to my cheeks,
Or were I common Mistresse to the love
Of every swaine, or could I with such ease
Call backe my love, as many a wanton doth,
Thou mightst refuse me Shepherd, but to thee
I am only fixt and set, let it not be
A sport, thou gentle Shepherd, to abuse
The love of silly maid.

Peri. Faire soule, ye use
These words to little end : for know, I may
Better call backe that time was yesterday,
Or stay the comming night, then bring my love
Home to my selfe againe, or recreant prove.
I will no longer hold you with delayes,
This present night I have appointed beene,
To meet that chaste faire (that injoyes my soule)
In yonder grove, there to make up our loves.
Be not deceiv'd no longer, choose againe,
These neighbouring plaines have many a comely swaine,
Fresher and freer farre then I ere was,
Bestow that love on them and let me passe,
Farewell, be happy in a better choise.

Exit.

Amaril. Cruell, thou hast struck me deader with thy voice,
Then if the angry heavens with their quicke flames,
Had shot me through : I must not leave to love,
I cannot, no I must enjoy thee boy;
Though the great dangers twixt my hopes and that
Be infinite : there is a Shepherd dwells
Downe by the More, whose life hath ever showne
More fullen discontent then *Saturnes* brow,
When he sits frowning on the births of men :

One.

The faithfull Shepherdesse.

One, that doth weare himselfe away in lonenesse,
And never joyes unlesse it be in breaking
The holy plighted troths of mutuall soules :
One that lusts after every severall beauty,
But never yet was knowne to love or like.
Were the face fairer or more fall of truth,
Than *Phæbe* in her fulnesse, or the youth
Of smooth *Lyæus*, whose nigh starved flocks
Are alwayes scabby, and infect all sheepe
They feed withall, whose lambes are ever last,
And die before their waining, and whose dog
Lookes like his Master, leane, and full of scurffe,
Not caring for the pipe or whistle : this man may
(if he be well wrought) doe a deed of wonder,
Forcing me passage to my long desires :
And here he comes, as fitly to my purpose
As my quicke thoughts could wish for. *Enter Shepherd.*

Shep. Fresh beauty, let me not be thought uncivill,
Thus to be partner of your lonenesse : 'twas
My love (that ever working passion) drew
Me to this place to seeke some remedy
For my sicke soule : be not unkind and faire,
For such, the mighty *Cupid* in his doome
Hath sworne to be aveng'd on ; then give roome
To my consuming fires, that so I may
Injoy my long desires, and so allay
Those flames, that else would burne my life away.

Amar. Shepherd, were I but sure thy heart were sound
As thy words seeme to be, meanes might be found
To cure thee of thy long paines : for to me
That heavie youth consuming misery,
The love-sicke soule endures, never was pleasing ;
I could be well content with the quicke easing
Of thee and thy hot fires, might it procure
Thy faith, and farther service to be sure,

Sull. Name but that great worke, danger, or what can
Be compast by the wit or Art of man,
And if I faile in my performance, may
I never more kneele to the rising day.

Amar. Then thus I try thee Shepherd, this same night,

The faithfull Shepherdesse.

That now comes stealing on, a gentle paire
Have promis'd equall love, and doe apoint
To make yon wood the place where hands & hearts
Are to be ty'd for ever : breake their meeting
And their strong faith, and I am ever thine.

Sull. Tell me their names, and if I doe not move
(By my great power) the center of their love
From his fixt being, let me never more
Warme me by those faire eyes I thus adore.

Amar. Come, as we go Ile tell thee what they are,
And give thee fit directions for thy worke. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cloe.

Cloe. How have I wrong'd the times, or men, that thus
After this holy feast I passe unknowne
And unsaluted ? t'was not wont to be
Thus frozen with the younger company
Of jolly Shepherds : t'was not then held good,
For lusty groomes to mixe their quicker bloud
With that dull humour, most unfit to be
The friend of man, cold and dull chasticie.
Sure I am held not faire, or am too old,
Or else not free enough, or from my fold
Drive not a flocke sufficient great to gaine
The greedy eyes of wealth alluring swaine:
Yet if I may believe what others say,
My face has soyle enough, nor can they lay
Iustly too strict a coyneesse to my charge ;
My flocks are many, and the downes as large
They feed upon : then let it ever be
Their coldnesse, not my virgin modesty
Makes me complaine. *Enter Theodor.*

The. Was ever man but I,
Thus truely taken with uncertainty ?
Where shall that man be found that loves a mind
Made up in constancie, and dares not finde
His love rewarded ? here, let all men know,
A wretch that lives to love his mistresse so.

Clo. Shepherd I pray thee stay, where hast thou beene,
Or whither goest thou ? here be woods as greene
As any, ayre as fresh and sweet,

The faithfull Shepherdesse.

As where smoothe *Zephyrus* playes on the fleet
Face of the curled streames, with flowers as many
As the young spring gives, and as choyce as any;
Heere be all new delights, coole streames and wels,
Arbours oregrone with woodbins, Caves, and dells,
Chuse where thou wilt, whilst I sit by and sing,
Or gather rushes, to make many a ring
For thy long fingers; tell thee tales of love,
How the pale *Phoebe* hunting in a grove,
First saw the boy *Endimion*, from whose eyes
She tooke eternall fire that never dyes;
How she conwayd him softly in a sleepe,
His temples bound with poppy to the sleepe
Head of old *Latmus*, where she stoopes each night,
Gilding the mountaine with her brothers light,
To kisse her sweetest. *The.* Farre from me are these
Hot flashes bred from wanton heate and ease;
I have forgot what love and loving meant;
Rimes, Songs, and merry rounds, that oft are sent
To the soft care of Mayde, are strange to me:
Onely I love t'admire a chastitie,
That neither pleasing age, smoothe tongue, or gold,
Could ever breake upon, so sure the mold
Is that her minde was cast in; 'tis to her
I onely am reserv'd; she is my forme I stirre
By, breath and move, 'tis she and onely she
Can make me happy, or give misery.

Clo. Good shepherd, may a stranger crave to know
To whom this deare observance you doe owe?

The. You may, and by her vertue learne to square
And levell out your life: for to be faire
And nothing vertuous, onely fits the eye
Of gaudy youth, and swelling vanitie.
Then know, shee's eald the virgin of the grove,
She that hath long since buryed her chaste love,
And now lives by his grave, for whose deare soule
She hath vowd her selfe into the holy role
Of strickt virginittie; tis her I so admire,
Not any looser blood or new desire.

Clee. Farewell poore swaine, thou art not for my bend,

I must

The faithfull Shepherdesse.

I must have quicker soules, whose words may tend,
To some free action: give me him dare love
At first encounter, and as soone dare prove.

The Song.

Come Shepherds come,
Come away without delay
Whilst the gentle time doth stay,
Greene woods are dumme,
And will never tell to any,
Those deare kisses, and those many
Sweet imbraces that are given,
Dainty pleasures that would even
Raise in coldest age a fire,
And give virgin blood desire.

Then if ever,

Now or never,

Come and have it,

Thinke not I,

Dare deny,

If you crave it.

Enter Daphnis.

Here comes another: better be my speede,
Thou god of blood, but certaine if I reade
Not false, this is that modest Shepherd, he
That onely dare salure, but nere could be
Brought to kisse any, hold discourse, or sing,
Whisper, or boldly aske that wished thing
We all are borne for, one that makes loving faces,
And could be well content to covet graces,
Were they not got by boldnesse; in this thing
My hopes are frozen, and but fate doth bring
Him hither, I would sooner choose
A man made out of snow, and freer use
An Eunuch to my ends: but since he's here,
Thus I attempt him. Thou of men most deare,
Welcome to her, that onely for thy sake,
Hath beene content to live: here boldly take
My hand in pledge, this hand, that never yet
Was given away to any, and but sit
Downe on this rusby bancke, whilst I goe pull
Fresh blossomes from the bowes, or quickly cull

The faithfull Shepherdesse.

The choicest delicacies from yonder meade,
To make thee chaines or chaplets, or to spread
Vnder our fainting bodies, when delight
Shall locke up all our senses. How the sight
Of those smooth rising cheeks renew the story
Of young *Adonis*, when in pride and glory
He lay infolded twixt the beating armes
Of willing *Venus*: me thinkes stronger charmes
Dwell in those speaking eyes, and on that brow
More sweetnesse than the painters can allow
To their best peeces: not *Narcissus*, he
That wept himselfe away in memory
Of his owne beauty, nor *Silvanus* boy,
Nor the twice ravisht maide, for whom old Troy
Fell by the hand of *Pirrhus*, may to thee,
Be otherwise compar'd, then some dead tree
To a young fruitfull Olive. *Daph.* I can love,
But I am loath to say so, lest I prove
Too soone unhappy.

Cloe. Happy thou wouldst say,
My dearest *Daphnis* blush not, if the day
To thee and thy soft heates be enemy,
Then take the comming night, faire youth tis free
To all the world, shepherd Ile meet thee then
When darkenesse hath shut up the eyes of men,
In yonder grove: speake shall our meeting hold?
Indeed ye are too bashfull, be more bold,
And tell me I. *Daph.* I'm content to say so,
And would be glad to meet, might I but pray so
Much from your fairenesse, that you would be true.

Cloe. Shepherd thou hast thy wish.

Daph. Fresh maide adew:
Yet one word more, since you have drawne me on
To come this night, feare not to meet alone
That man that will not offer to be ill,
Though your bright selfe would aske it, for his fill
Of this worlds goodnesse: doe not feare him then,
But keepe your pointed time; let other men
Set up their bloods to sale, mine shall be ever
Pure as the soule it carries, and unchast never. *Exit.*

Cloe. Yet

The faithfull Shepherdesse.

Cloe. Yet am I poorer than I was before.
Is it not strange, among so many a score
Of lusty bloods, I should picke out these things
Whose veines like a dull river farre from springs,
Is still the same, slow, heayie, and unfit
For streame or motion, though the strong winds hit
With their continuall power upon his sides?
O happy be your names that have beene brides,
And tasted those rare sweetes for which I pine:
And farre more heavie be thy grieve and time,
Thou lazie fwaine that maist relieve my needs,
Then his upon whose liver alwayes feeds
A hungry vulture.

Enter Alexis.

Alex. Can such beauty be
Safe in his owne guard, and not draw the eye
Of him that passeth on, to greedy gaze,
Or covetous desire, whilst in a maze
The better part contemplates, giving reine
And wished freedome to the labouring veine?
Fairest and whitest, may I crave to know
The cause of your retirement, why ye goe
Thus all alone; me thinkes the downes are sweeter,
And the young company of swaines more meeter,
Then those forsaken and untroden places.
Give not your selfe to lonenesse, and those Graces
Hide from the eyes of men, that were intended
To live amongst us swaines.

Cloe. Thou art befriended
Shepherd, in all my life I have not secne
A man in whom greater contents hath beene,
Then thou thy selfe art: I could tell thee more,
Were there but any hope left to restore
My freedome lost. O lend me all thy red,
Thou shamefast Morning, when from *Tishons* bed
Thou risest ever maiden. *Alex.* If for me,
Thou sweetest of all sweets, these flashes be,
Speake and be satisfied; O guide her tongue,
My better angell, force my name among
Her modest thoughts, that the first word may be,

Cloe. *Alexis*, when the sunne shall kisse the sea,

The faithfull Shepherdesse.

Taking his rest by the white *Thetis* side,
Meet in the holy wood, where Ile abide
Thy comming Shepherd. *Alex.* If I stay behind,
An everlasting dulleffe, and the wind,
That as hee passeth by shuts up the streame
Of *Rhine* or *Volga*, whilst the sunnes hot beame
Beats backe againe, ceaze me, and let me turne
To coldnesse more than yee: oh how I burne
And rise in youth and fire! I dare not stay.

Cloe. My name shall be your word.

Alex. Fly fly thou day.

Exit.

Cloe. My griefe is great if both these boyes should faile,
He that will use all winds must shift his faile. *Exit.*

Actus secundus, Scena prima.

*Enter an old Shepherd with a Bell ringing, and
the Priest of Pan following.*

Priest. Shepherds all, and maidens faire,
Fold your flocks up, for the Aire
Gins to thicken, and the Sunne
Already his great course hath runne.
See the dew drops how they kisse
Every little flower that is:
Hanging on their velvet heads,
Like a rope of christall beades.
See the heavie clouds lowd falling,
And bright *Hesperus* downe calling,
The dead night from underground,
At whose rising mists unsound,
Damps, and vapours fly apace,
Hovering ore the wanton face
Of these pastures, where they come;
Striking dead both bud and bloome;
Therefore from such danger locke
Every one his loved flocke,
And let your dogs lye loose without,
Lest the *VVoolfe* come as a scout
From the mountaine, and ere day

The faithfull Shepherdesse.

Beare a Lambe or Kid away,
Or the crafty theevish Foxe,
Breake upon your simple flocks:
To secure your selves from theie,
Be not too secure in case,
Let one eye his watches keepe,
Whilst the tother eye doth sleepe;
So you shall good Shepherds prove,
And for ever hold the love
Of our great god. Sweetest slumbers
And soft silence fall in numbers
On your eye-lids: so farewell,
Thus I end my evenings knell.

Exeunt.

*Enter Clorin the Shepherdesse sorting of hearbs,
and telling the natures of them.*

Now let me know what my best Art hath done,
Helpt by the great power of the vertuous moone
In her full light; O you sonnes of earth,
You onely brood, unto whose happy birth
Vertue was given, holding more of nature
Then man her first borne and most perfect creature,
Let me adore you; you that onely can
Helpe or kill nature, drawing out that span
Of life and breath even to the end of time,
You that these hands did crop, long before prime
Of day, give me your names, and next your hidden powers.
This is the *Clote* bearing a yellow flower,
And this blacke Horehound, both are very good,
For sheepe or shepherd, bitten by a wood
Dogs venom'd tooth; these *Ramius* branches are,
Which sticke in entries, or about the barre
That holds the doore fast, till all enchantments, charmes,
Were they *Maades* verses that doe harmes
To men or cartell; these for frenzy be
A speedy and a soveraigne remedie,
The bitter wormewood, Sage, and Marigold,
Such sympathy with mans good they doe hold;
This *Tormentil*, whose vertue is to part
All deadly killing poyson from the heart;
And here *Narcissus* roote, for swellings best;

Yellow

Yellow *Lecimacus*, to give sweet rest,
 To the faint Shepherd, killing where it comes,
 All busie gnats, and every flye that hummes:
 For leprosie, Darnell, and Sollondine,
 With Calamint, whose vertues doe refine
 The bloud of man, making it free and faire
 As the first houre it breath'd, or the best aire.
 Here other two, but your rebellious use
 Is not for me, whose goodnesse is abuse;
 Therefore foule Standergrasse, from me and mine
 I banish thee with lustfull Turpentine,
 You that intice the veines, and stirre the heat
 To civill mutiny, scaling the seate
 Our reason moves in, and deluding it
 With dreames and wanton fancies, till the fit
 Of burning lust be quencht by appetite,
 Robbing the soule of blessednesse and light:
 And thou light *Varvintoo*, thou must go after
 Provoking easy soules to mirth and laughter,
 No more shall I dip thee in water now,
 And sprinkle every post, and every bow
 With thy well pleasing juyce, to make the groomes,
 Swell with high mirth, as with joy all the roomes.

Enter Theos.

The. This is the Cabin where the best of all
 Her sexe, that ever breath'd, or ever shall
 Give heat or happinesse to the Shepherds side,
 Doth onely to her worthy selfe abide.
 Thou blessed starre, I thanke thee for thy light,
 Thou by whose power the darkenesse of sad night
 Is banisht from the earth, in whose dull place
 Thy chaster beames play on the heavy face
 Of all the world, making the blew sea smile,
 To see how cunningly thou dost beguile
 Thy brother of his brightnesse, giving day
 Againe from *Chaos*, whiter then that way
 That leades to *loves* high Court, and chaster farre
 Then chastitie it selfe, yon blessed starre
 That nightly shines, thou, all the constancie
 That in all women was, or ere shall be,

From whose faire eye-balls flies that holy fire,
That Poets stile the mother of desire,
Infusing into every gentle brest,
A soule of greater price, and farre more blest
Then that quicke power, which gives a difference,
Twixt man and creatures of a lower sense.

Clo. Shepherd how cam'st thou hither to this place?
No way is troden, all the verdant grasse,
The spring shot up, stands yet unbrused heere
Of any foote, onely the dappled Deere
Farre from the feared sound of crooked horne
Dwels in this fastnesse. *Th.* Chaster then the morne,
I have not wandred, or by strong illusion,
Into this vertuous place have made intrusion:
But hither am I come (beleeve me faire)
To seeke you out, of whose great good the Ayre
Is full, and strongly labours, whilst the sound
Breakes against heaven, and drives into a sound
The amazed Shepherd, that such vertue can
Be resident in lesse then a man.

Clor. If any art I have, or hidden skill,
May cure thee of disease or festred ill,
Whose grieve or greenesesse to anothers eye
May seeme impossible of remedy,
I dare yet undertake it. *The.* 'Tis no paine
I suffer through disease, no beating veine
Convayes infection dangerous to the heart,
No part impostum'd to be cur'd by Art,
This body holds; and yet a feller grieve
Then ever skilfull hand did give reliefe
Dwels on my soule, and may be heal'd by you
Faire beauteous virgin.

Clor. Then shepherd let me sue
To know thy grieve; that man yet never knew
The way to health, that durst not shew his fore.

Then. Then fairest know I love you.

Clor. Swaine no more.
Thou hast abus'd the strictnesse of this place,
And offered Sacrilegeous soule disgrace
To the sweet rest of these interr'd bones,

The faithfull Shepherdesse.

For feare of whose ascending fly at once,
Thou and thy idle passions, that the sight
Of death and speedy vengeance may not fright
Thy very soule with horror. *Then.* Let me not
Thou all perfection merit such a blot
For my true zealous faith. *Clor.* Dar'st thou abide
To see this holy earth at once divide
And give her body up? for sure it will,
If thou pursu'st with wanton flames to fill
This hallowed place; therefore repent and goe,
Whilst I with praise appease his Ghost below,
That else would tell thee what it were to be
A rivall in that vertuous love that he
Imbraces yet. *Then.* 'Tis not the white or red
Inhabits in your cheek that thus can wed
My mind to adoration; nor your eye
Though it be full and faire, your forehead high,
And smooth as *Pelops* shoulder; nor the smile
Lies watching in those dimples to beguile
The easie soule, your hands and fingers long
With veines inameld richly, nor your tongue,
Though it spoke sweeter then *Arions* Harpe,
Your haire woven into many a curious warpe,
Able in endlesse error to infold
The wandring soule, not the true perfect mould
Of all your body, which as pure doth show
In Maiden whiteneffe as the *Alpsien* snow.
All these, were but your constancie away,
Would please me lesse, then a blacke stormy day
The wretched Seaman roylng through the deep.
But whilst this honour'd strictnesse you dare keepe,
Though all the plagues that ere begotten were
In the great wombe of aire were settled here
In opposition, I would like the tree,
Shake off those drops of weakenesse, and be free
Even in the arme of danger. *Clor.* Wouldst thou have
Me raise againe fond man from silent grave,
Those sparkes that long agoe were buried here,
With my dead friends cold ashes? *Then.* Dearest deare,
I dare not aske it, nor you must not grant;

Stand strongly to your vow, and doe not faint :
Remember how he lov'd ye, and be still,
The same opinion speakes ye, let not will,
And that great god of women, Appetite,
Set up your blood againe, doe not invire
Desire, and fancie from their long exile,
To set them once more in a pleasing smile :
Be like a Rocke made firmly up 'gainst all
The power of angry heaven, or the strong fall
Of *Neptunes* battery ; if ye yeeld, I die
To all affection ; tis that loyaltie
Ye tie unto this grave I so admire ;
And yet there's something else I would desire,
If you would heare me, but withall deny,
O *Pan*, what an uncertaine destiny
Hangs over all my hopes ! I will retire,
For if I longer stay, this double fire
Will licke my life up. *Clor.* Doe, and let time weare out
What Art and Nature cannot bring about.

Then. Farewell thou soule of vertue, and be blest
For ever, whilst here I wretched rest
Thus to my selfe ; yet grant me leave to dwell
In kenning of this Arbor ; yon same dell
Ore-topt with mourning Cipresse and sad Ewe,
Shall be my Cabin, where Ile early rewe,
Before the Sunne hath kist this dew away,
The hard uncertaine chance which Fate doth lay
Vpon this head. *Clor.* The gods give quicke release
And happy cure unto thy hard disease. *Exeunt.*

Enter Sullen, Shepherd.

Sullen. I doe not love this wench that I should meet,
For never did my unconstant eye yet greet
That beauty, were it sweeter or more faire,
Then the new blossomes, when the morning ayre
Blowes gently on them, or the breaking light,
When many maiden blushes to our sight
Shootes from his early face : were all these set
In some neat forme before me, 'twould not get
The least love from me ; some desire it might,
Or present burning : all to me in sight

The faithfull Shepherdesse.

Are equall, be they faire, or blacke, or browne,
Virgin, or carelesse wanton, I can crowne
My appetite with any; sweare as oft,
And weepe, as any, melt my words as soft
Into a maiden eares, and tell how long
My heart has beene her servant, and how strong
My passions are: call her unkind and cruell,
Offer her all I have to gaine the Jewell
Maidens so highly praise: then loath, and fly:
This doe I hold a blessed destiny. *Enter Amarillis.*

Amar. Haile Shepherd, *Pan* blese both thy flocke and thee,
For being mindfull of thy word to me.

Sul. Welcome faire Shepherdesse, thy loving swaine
Gives thee the selfe same wishes backe againe,
Who till this present houre nere knew that eye,
Could make me crosse mine armes or daily dye
With fresh consumings: boldly tell me then,
How shall we part their faithfull loves, and when;
Shall I bely him to her, shall I sweare
His faith is false, and he loves every where?
He say he mockt her th' other day to you,
Which will by your confirming shew as true,
For he is of so pure an honesty,
To thinke (because he will nor) none will lye:
Or else to him He slander *Amoret*,
And say, she but seemes chaste; He sweare she met
Me 'mongst the shady Sycamours last night,
And loosely offred up her flame and spright
Into my bosome, made a wanton bed
Of leaves and many flowers, where she spred
Her willing body to be prest by me;
There have I carv'd her name on many a tree,
Together with mine owne; to make this show
More full of seeming, *Hobinall* you know,
Sonne to the aged Shepherd of the Glen,
Him I have sorted out of many men,
To say he found us at our private sport,
And rouz'd us 'fore our time by his resort:
This to confirme, I have promis'd to the boy
A pretty knack, and many a toy,

As grinnes to catch him birds, with bowe and bolt,
To shoot at nimble Squirrels in the holt;
A paire of painted Buskins, and a Lambe,
Soft as his owne lockes, or the downe of Swan;
This I have done to winne ye, which doth give
Me double pleasure. Discord makes me live.

Amar. Lov'd swaine I thanke ye, these tricks might pre-
With other rusticke shepherds, but will faile (vaile
Even once to stirre, much more to overthrow
His fixed love from judgement, who doth know
Your nature, my end, and his chosens merit;
Therefore some stronger way must force his spirit,
VVhich I have found: give second, and my love
Is everlasting thine. *Sull.* Try me and prove.

Amar. These happy paire of Lovers meet straight way,
Soone as they fold their flocks up with the day,
In the thicke grove bordering upon yon hill,
In whose hard side Nature hath carv'd a well,
And but that matchlesse spring which Poets know,
VVas nere the like to this; by it doth grow
About the sides, all hearbs which Witches use,
All Simples good for Medicine or abuse,
All sweets that crowne the happy Nuptiall day,
VVith all their colours, there the month of May
Is ever dwelling, all is young and Greene,
There's not a grasse on which was ever scene
The falling *Autumne*, or cold *Winters* hand,
So full of heate and vertue is the land
About this fountaine, which doth slowly breake
Below yon Mountaines foot, into a Creeke
That waters all the valley, giving Fish
Of many sorts, to fill the Shepherds dish.
This holy well, my Grandame that is dead,
Right wise in charmes, hath often to me sed,
Hath power to change the forme of any creature,
Being thrice dipt o're the head, into what feature,
O shape 'twould please the letter downe to crave,
VVho must pronounce this charme too; which she gave
Me on her death-bed, told me what, and how,
I should apply unto the Patients brow,

The faithfull Shepherdesse.

That would be chang'd, casting them thrice asleepe,
Before I trusted them into this deepe.
All this she shew'd me, and did charge me prove
This secret of her Art, if crost in love.
I'll this attempt; now Shephard, I have here
All her prescriptions, and I will not feare
To be my selfe dipt: come, my temples binde
With these sad hearbs, and when I sleepe you finde
As you doe speake your charme, thrice downe me let,
And bid the water raise me *Amoret*;
VVhich being done, leave me to my affaire,
And ere the day shall quite it selfe out-weare,
I will returne unto my Shepherds armie,
Dip me againe, and then repeat this charme,
And plucke me up my selfe, whom freely take,
And the hottest fire of thine affection slake.

Sull. And if I fit thee not, then fit not me,
I long the truth of this wels power to see. *Exeunt.*

Enter Daphnis.

Daph. Heere will I stay, for this the covert is
VVhere I appointed *Cloe*; doe not misse,
Thou bright ey'd virgin, come, O come my faire,
Be not abus'd with feare, nor let cold care
Of honour stay thee from thy shepherds arme,
Who would as hard be wonne to offer harme
To thy chaste thoughts, as whitenesse from the day,
Or yon great round to move another way.
My language shall be honest, full of truth,
My flames as smooth and spotlesse as my youth:
I will not entertaine that wandring thought,
Whose easie current may at length be brought
To a loose vastnesse. *Alexis within.* *Cloe.*

Daph. 'Tis her voice
And I must answer, *Cloe*! Oh the choyse
Of deare embraces, chaste and holy straines
Our hands shall give! I charge you all my veines
Through which the bloud and spirit take their way,
Locke up your disobedient hearts, and stay
Those mutinous desires that else would grow
To strong rebellion: doe not wilder show

The faithfull Shepherdesse.

Then blushing modestie may entertaine.

Alexis within. Cloe.

Daph. There sounds that blessed name againe,
And I will meet it : let me not mistake,
This is some Shepherd, sure I am awake,
What may this riddle meane ? I will retire,
To give my selfe more knowledge. *Alex.* Oh my fire,
How thou consum'st me ? *Cloe,* answer me,
Alexis, strong *Alexis,* high and free,
Cals upon *Cloe.* See mine armes are full
Of entertainment, ready for to pull
That golden fruit which too too long hath hung
Tempting the greedy eye : thou stayest too long,
I am impatient of these mad delays
I must not leave unsought those many wayes
That lead into this center, till I finde
Quench for my burning lust. I come unkind. *Exit Alexis.*

Daph. Can my imagination worke me so much ill,
That I may credit this for truth, and still
Beleeve mine eyes, or shall I firmly hold
Her yet untainted, and these sights but bold
Illusion ; sure such fancies oft have beene
Sent to abuse true love, and yet are scene,
Daring to blinde the vertuous thought with error,
But be they farre from me with their fond terrour :
I am resolv'd my *Cloe* yet is true. *Cloe within.*
Cloe, harke *Cloe,* sure this voyce is new,
Whose shrillnesse like the sounding of a bell,
Tels me it is a woman : *Cloe,* tell
Thy blessed name againe *Cloe within.* Heere.
Oh what a grieve is this to be so neere
And not incounter ? *Enter Cloe.*

Cloe. Shepherd we are met,
Draw close into the covert, lest the wet
Which falls like lazy mists upon the ground
Soke through your startups. *Daph.* Fairest, are you found ?
How have we wandred that the better part
Of this good night is perisht ? oh my heart !
How have I long'd to meet ye, how to kisse
Those lilly hands, how to receive the blisse

The faithfull Shepherdesse.

That charming tongue gives to the happy eare
Of him that drinckes your language ? but I feare
I am too much unmanner'd, farre to rude,
And almost growne lascivious to intrude
These hot behaviours, where regard of fame,
Honour, and modesty, a vertuous name,
And such discourse, as one faire sister may
Without offence unto the brother say,
Should rather have beene tendred : but beleewe
Here dwels a better temper, doe not greeve
Then, ever kindest, that my first salure
Seasons so much of fancie, I am mute
Henceforth to all discourses, but shall be
Suring to your sweet thoughts and modestie.
Indeed I will not aske a kisse of you,
No not to wring your fingers, nor to sue
To those blest paire of fixed starres for smiles,
All a young lovers cunning, all his wiles,
And pretty wanton dyings, shall to me
Be strangers, onely to your chastitie
I am devoted ever. *Cloe.* Honest Swaine,
First let me thanke you, then returne againe
As much of my love : no thou art too cold
Vnhappy boy, not rempred to my mold,
Thy blond fals heavy downward, 'tis not feare
To offend in boldnesse wins, they never weare
Deserved favours that deny to take
When they are offerd freely : doe I wake
To see a man of his youth, yeares and feature,
And such a one as we call goodly creature,
Thus backward ? what a world of precious Art
Were meerely lost, to make him doe his part ?
But I will shake him off, that dares not hold,
Let men that hope to be belov'd be bold.
Daphnis, I doe desire, since we are met
So happily, our lives and fortunes set
Vpon one stake, to give assurance now,
By interchange of hands and holy vow,
Never to breake againe : walke you that way,
VWhilst I in zealous meditation stray

A little this way : when we both have ended
These rights and duties, by the woods befriended,
And secrecie of night, retyre and finde
An aged Oake, whose hollownesse may binde
Vs both within his body, thither goe,
It stands within yon bottom. *Daph.* Be it so. *Exit Daph.*

Gloe. And I will meet there never more with thee,
Thou idle shamefastnesse. *Alex. within.* *Gloe.* *Clo.* Tis he
That dare I hope be bolder. *Alex.* *Gloe.* *Clo.* Now
Great *Pan* for *Sirinx* sake bid speed our plow. *Exit Cloe.*

Actus tertius, Scena prima.

Enter Sullen Shepherd with Amarillis in a sleepe.

Sull. From thy forehead thus I take
These hearbs, and charge thee not awake,
Till in yonder holy VVell,
Thrice with powerfull Magicke spell,
Fill'd with many a balefull word,
Thou hast been dipt; thus with my cord
Of blasted hempe, by Moone-light twinde,
I doe thy sleepey body binde;
I turne thy head into the East,
And thy feet into the West,
Thy left arme to the South put forth,
And thy right unto the North:
I take thy body from the ground,
In this deepe and deadly swound,
And into this holy spring,
I let thee slide downe by my string.
Take this mayd thou holy pie,
To thy bottom, neerer yet,
In thy water pure and sweet,
By thy leave I dip her feet;
Thus I let her lower yet,
That her anckles may be wet;
Yet downe lower, let her knee
In thy waters washed bee;
There stop: Fly away
Every thing that loves the day.

with that hath but one face,
Thus I charme thee from this place.
Snakes that cast your coats for new,
Camelions that alter hue,
Hares that yearly sexes change,
Proteus altring oft and strange,
Hecate with shapes three,
Let this Mayden changed be,
VVith this holy water wet,
To the shape of *Amoret*:

Cynthia worke thou with my charme,
Thus I draw thee free from harme
Vp out of this blessed Lake,
Rise both like her and awake. *She awakes*

Amar. Speake shepherd, am I *Amoret* to fight?
Or hast thou mist in any Magicke right;
For want of which any defect in me,
May make our practices discovered be?

Sub. By yonder Moone, but that I here doe stand,
Whose breath hath thus transformd thee, and whose hand
Let thee downe dry, and pluckt thee up thus wet,
I should my selfe take thee for *Amoret*;
Thou art in clothes, in feature, voice and hew:
So like, sense cannot distinguish you.

Ama. Then this deceit which cannot crossed be,
At once shall loose her him, and gaine thee me.
Hither she needs must come by promise made,
And sure his nature never was so bad,
To bid a virgin meet him in the wood,
When night and feare are up, but understood,
Twas his part to come first: being come, Ile say
My constant love made me come first and stay:
Then will I leade him further to the grove,
But stay you here, and if his owne true Love
Shall seeke him here, set her in some wrong path,
Which say her Lover lately troden hath,
Ile not be farre from hence, if need there be
Here is another charme, whose power will free
The dazeld sense, reade by the Moones beames cleare,
And in my owne true shape make me appeare.

Enter Pers.

Soll. Stand

Sull. Stand close, here's *Perigot*, whose constant heart
Longs to behold her in whose shape thou art.

Per. This is the place (*saire Amoret*) the houre
Is yet scarce come: here every Sylvan power
Delights to be about yon sacred well,
Which they have blest with many a powerfull spell;
For never travailer in dead of night,
Nor strayed beasts have false in, but when sight
Hath faild them, then their right way they have found
By helpe of them, so holy is the ground:
But I will farther seeke, lest *Amoret*
Should be first come, and so stray long unmet.

My Amoret, Amoret. Exit. Amar. Perigot.

Per. My Love. *Amar.* I come my Love. *Exit.*

Sull. Now she hath got
Her owne desires, and I shall gainer be
Of my long lookt for hopes as well as she.
How bright the Moone shines here, as if she strove
To show her glory in this little grove, *Enter Amoret.*
To some new loved Shepherd. Yonder is
Another *Amoret*. Where differs this
From that? but that she *Perigot* hath met,
I should have tane this for the counterfet:
Hearbs, woods, and springs, the power that in you lies,
If mortall men could know your properties I

Amo. Me thinks it is not night, I have no feare,
Walking this wood, of Lyon, or the Beare,
Whose names at other times have made me quake,
When any Shepherdesse in her tale spake
Of some of them, that underneath a wood
Have torne true Lovers that together stood.
Me thinkes there are no Goblins, and mens talke,
That in these woods the nimble Fayries walke,
Are fables; such a strong heart I have got,
Because I come to meet with *Perigot*.
My Perigot, who's that, my Perigot?

Sul. Faire maid. *Amo.* Ay me, thou art not *Perigot*. *i*

Sull. But I can tell ye newes of *Perigot*:
An houre together under yonder tree
He sat with wreathed armes and calld on thee.

The faithfull Shepherdesse.

And said, Why *Amoret* stayest thou so long?
Then starting up, downe yonder path he flung,
Lest thou hadst mist thy way: were it day light
He could not yet have borne him out of sight.

Amor. Thanks gentle Shepherd, and bestrew my stay,
That made me fearefull I had lost my way:
As fast as my weake legs, (that cannot be
VVearie with seeking him) will carry me,
Ile seeke him out; and for thy currencie
Pray *Pan* thy Love may ever follow thee. *Exit.*

Sall. How bright she was, how lovely did she show?
VVas it not pitie to deceive her so?
Shee pluckt her garments up, and tript away,
And with a Virgin-innocence did pray
For me that perjur'd her. Whilst she was here,
Me thought the beames of light that did appeare,
Were shot from her; me thought the Moone gave none,
But what it had from her: she was alone
VVith me, if then her presence did so move,
VVhy did not I assay to winne her love?
She would not sure have yeelded unto me;
Women love onely opportunitie
And not the man; or if she had denied,
Alone, I might have forc'd her to have tryed
Who had been stronger: o vaine foole, to let
Such blest occasion passe; Ile follow yet,
My blood is up, I cannot now forbear. *Enter Alex. & Cloe.*
I come sweet *Amoret*. Soft, who is here?
A paire of Lovers? He shall yeeld her me,
Now lust is up, alike all women be.

Alex. Where shall we rest? but for the love of me,
Cloe I know ere this would weary be.

Cloe. *Alexis*, let us rest here, if the place
Be private, and out of the common trace
Of every shepherd: for I understood
This night a number are about the wood:
Then let us choose some place, where out of sight
VVe freely may enjoy our stolne delight.

Alex. Then boldly here, where we shall nere be found,
Shepherds way lies here, tis hallow'd ground;

No mayd seeks here her strayed Cow, or Sheepe,
Fairies and Fawnes, and Satyres doe it keepe:
Then carelesly rest here, and clip and kisse,
And let no feare make us our pleasures misse.

Cloe. Then lye by me, the sooner we begin,
The longer ere the day descry our sin.

Sul. Forbeare to touch my Love, or by yon flame,
The greatest power that shepherds dare to name,
Here where thou sitst under this holy tree
Her to dishonour, thou shalt buried be.

Alex. If *Pan* himselfe should come out of the Lawnes,
VVith all his troupes of Satyrs and of Fawnes,
And bid me leave, I sweare by her two eyes,
A greater oath than thine, I would not rise.

Sull. Then from the cold earth never thou shalt move,
But lose at one stroke both thy life and love.

Clo. Hold gentle shepherd. *Sul.* Fairest shepherdesse,
Come you with me, I doe not love ye lesse
Than that fond man, that would have kept you there
From me of more desert. *Alex.* O yet forbear
To take her from me; give me leave to die
By her.

The Satyr enters, he runs one way and she another.

Sat. Now whilst the Moone doth rule the skie,
And the starres, whose feeble light
Give a pale shadow to the night,
Are up, great *Pan* commanded me
To walke this Grove about, whilst he
In a corner of the wood,
VVhere never mortall foot hath stood,
Keepes dauncing, musicke, and a feast,
To intertaine a lovely guest:
VVhere he gives her many a Rose,
Sweeter than the breath that blowes
The leaves; Grapes, Berries of the best,
I never saw so great a feast.
But to my charge: here must I stay,
To see what mortalls lose their way,
And by a false fire seeming bright,
Traine them in and leave them right: -

Then must I watch if any be
Forcing of a chastitie;
If I find it, then in haste
Give my wreathed horne a blast,
And the Fairies all will runne,
Wildly dauncing by the Moone,
And will pinch him to the bone,
Till his lustfull thoughts be gone.

Alex. O death! *Sar.* Back againe about this ground,
Sure I heare a mortall sound;
I binde thee by this powerfull spell,
By the waters of this well,
By the glimmering Moone beames bright,
Speake againe thou mortall wight.

Alex. Oh! *Sar.* Here the foolish mortall lies,
Sleeping on the ground: arise.
The poore wight is almost dead,
On the ground his wounds have bled,
And his clothes fould with his blood;
To my Goddesse in the wood
VVill I leade him, whose hands pure,
Will helpe this mortall wight to cure. *Enter Cloe againe.*

Cloe. Since I beheld yon shaggy man, my breast
Doth pant, each bush me thinks should hide a beast:
Yet my desire-keepe still above my feare,
I would faine meet some shepherd knew I where:
For from one cause of feare I am most free,
It is impossible to ravish me
I am so willing. Here upon this ground
I left my Love all bloody with his wound;
Yet till that fearefull shape made me be gone,
Though he were hurt, I furiht was of one,
But now both lost: *Alexis*, speake or move,
If thou hast any life thou art yet my love.
Hee's dead, or else is with his little might
Crept from the banke for feare of that ill spright.
Then where art thou that struckst my love? O stay,
Bring me thy selfe in change, and then Ile say
Thou hast some Justice, I will make thee trim
With flowers & garlands that were meant for him:

He clip thee round with both mine armes, as fast
As I did meane he should have been imbrac'd:
But thou art fled. What hope is left for me?
He run to *Daphnis* in the hollow tree,
Who I did meane to mocke, though hope be small,
To make him bold; rather than none at all,
He try him; his heart, and my behaviour too
Perhaps may teach him what he ought to doe. *Exit.*

Enter Sullen Shepherd.

Sul. This was the place, 'twas but my feeble fight,
Mixt with the horror of my deed, and night,
That shapt these feares, and made me run away,
And lose my beaution hardly gotten prey.
Speake gentle Shepherdesse, I am alone,
And tender love for love: but she is gone
From me, that having stricke her lover dead,
For silly feare left her alone and fled.
And see the wounded body is remov'd
By her of whom it was so well belov'd.

Enter Perigot and Amarillis in the shape of Amoret.

But these fancies must be quite forgot,
I must lie close, here comes young *Perigot*
With subtile *Amarillis* in the shape
Of *Amoret*, pray Love he may not scape.

Amar. Belov'd *Perigot*, shew me some place,
Where I may rest my limbes, weake with the chace
Of thee, an hower before thou canst at least.

Per. Bestrew my tardy steps, here shalt thou rest
Vpon this holy banke, no deadly Snake
Vpon this turfe her selfe in foulds doth make.
Here is no poyson for the Toad to feed:
Here boldly spread thy hands, no venom'd weed
Dares blister them, no slimy Snail dare creepe
Over thy face when thou art fast asleepe;
Here never durst the babling Cuckow spit,
No slough of falling Starre did ever hit
Vpon this banke, let this thy Cabin be,
This other set with Violets for me.

Ama. Thou dost not love me *Perigot*. *Per.* Fairemyd,
You onely love to heare it often sayd;

You

You doe not doubt. *Ama.* Beleeve me but I doe.

Per. What shall we now begin againe to wooe?
Tis the best way to make your Lover last,
To play with him, when you have caught him fast.

Ama. By *Pan* I sweare, I loved *Perigot*,
And by yon Moone, I thinke thou lov'st me not.

Per. By *Pan* I sweare, and if I falsely sweare,
Let him not guard my flockes, let Foxes teare
My earliest lambs, and wolves whilst I doe sleepe
Fall on the rest, a Rot among my sheepe;
I love thee better than the carefull Ewe
The new-yeand lambe that is of her owne hew;
I dote upon thee more than that young lambe
Doth on the bagg that feeds him from hls dam.
VVere there a sort of wolves got in my fold,
And one ran after thee, both young and old
Should be devour'd, and it should be my strife
To save thee, whom I love above my life.

Ama. How shall I trust thee when I see thee chuse
Another bed, and dost my side refuse?

Per. 'Twas only that the chaste thoughts might be shewne
Twixt thee and me, although we were alone.

Ama. Come, *Perigot* will shew his power, that he
Can make his *Amoret*, though she weary be,
Rise nimble from her couch, and come to his.
Here take thy *Amoret*, imbrace and kisse.

Per. What means my love? *Ama.* To do as lovers shud,
That are to be enjoy'd, not to be woo'd;
There's nere a Shepherdesse in all the plaine
Can kisse thee with more Art, there's none can faine
More wanton tricks. *Per.* Forbear deare soule to trie,
VVhether my heart be pure; Ile rather die
Than nourish one thought to dishonour thee.

Ama. Still thinkest thou such a thing as Chastitie
Is amongst women? *Perigot* there's none,
That with her love is in a wood alone,
And would come home a mayd; be not abus'd,
VVith thy fond first beliefe, let time be us'd:
Why dost thou rise? *Per.* My true heart thou hast slaine.

Ama. Faith *Perigot*, Ile plucke thee downe againe.

Per. Let

Per. Let go thou Serpent, that into my brest
Hast with thy cunning div'd; art not in jest?

Ama. Sweet love lie down. *Per.* Since this I live to see,
Some bitter North wind blast my flockes and me.

Ama. You swore you lov'd, yet will not doe my will.

Per. O be as thou wert once, Ile love thee still.

Ama. I am, as still I was, and all my kinde,
Though other shewes we have poore men to b'inde.

Per. Then here I end all love, and lest my vaine
Beliefe should ever draw me in againe,
Before thy face that hast my youth mis-led,
I end my life, my bloud be on thy head.

Ama. O hold thy hands thy *Amoret* doth cry.

Per. Thou counsailest well, first *Amoret* shall dye,
That is the cause of my eternall smart. *He runs after her.*

Ama. O hold. *Per.* This steel shal pierce thy lustful heart.

The Sullen Shepherd steps out, and uncharmes her.

Sul. Up and downe every where,
I strew the hearbs to purge the ayre:
Let your Odour drive hence
All mistes that dazell sense.
Hearbes and springs whose hidden might
Alters shapes, and mockes the sight,
Thus I charge ye to undoe
All before I brought ye to:
Let her flye, let her scape,
Give againe her owne shape.

Enter Amarillis in her owne shape.

Amar. Forbeare thou gentle swaine, thou dost mistake,
She whom thou followedst fled into the brake,
And as I crost thy way, I met thy wrath,
The only feare of which neere slaine me hath.

Per. Pardon faire Shepherdesse, my rage and night
Were both upon me, and beguild my sight;
But farre be it from me to spill the bloud
Of harmelesse maides that wander in the wood. *Exit Ama.*

Enter Amoret.

Amo. Many a weary step in yonder path,
Poore hopelesse *Amoret* twice troden hath,

To seeke her *Perigot*, yet cannot heare
His voyce; my *Perigot*, she lones thee deare
That calls. *Per.* See yonder where she is, how faire
She shewes, and yet her breath infects the Ayre.

Amo. My *Perigot*. *Per.* Here. *Amo.* Happy.

Per. Haplesse first:

It lights on thee, the next blow is the worst.

Amo. Stay *Perigot*, my love thou art unjust.

Per. Death is the best reward that's due to lust. *Ex. Per.*

Sull. Now shall their love be crost, for being stricke,

Ile throw her in the Fount, lest being tooke

By some night-travailer, whose honest care

May helpe to cure her. Shepherdesse prepare

Your selfe to die. *Amo.* No mercy I doe crave,

Thou canst not give a worse blow than I have;

Tell him that gave me this, who lov'd him too.

He stricke my soule, and not my body through.

Tell him when I am dead, my soule shall be

At peace, if he but thinke he injur'd me.

Sull. In this Fount be thy grave, thou wert not meant
Sure for a woman, thou art so innocent.

She cannot scape, for underneath the ground, *He flings her into*

In a long hollow the cleare spring is bound, *the well.*

Till on yon side where the Mornes Sunne doth looke,

The struggling water breakes out in a Brooke. *Exit.*

The God of the River riseth with Amoret in his armes.

God. VVhat powerfull charmes my streames doe bring
Backe againe unto their spring,

With such force, that I their god,

Three times striking with my Rod,

Could not keepe them in their ranks:

My Fishes shoot into the bankes,

There's not one that staves and feeds,

All have hid them in the woods.

Here's a mortall almost dead,

Falne into my River head,

Hallowed so with many a spell,

That till now none ever fell.

Is a female young and cleare,

Cast

Cast in by some Ravisher.
 See upon her breast a wound,
 On which there is no plaister bound.
 Yet shee's warme, her pulses beat,
 Tis a signe of life and heat.
 If thou bee'st a Virgin pure,
 I can give a present cure:
 Take a drop into thy wound
 From my watry lockes more round
 Than Orient Pearle, and farre more pure
 Than unchast flesh may endure.
 See she pants, and from her flesh
 The warme blood gusheth out afresh.
 Shee is an unpolluted mayd;
 I must have this bleeding stayd.
 From my bankes I plucke this flower
 With holy hand, whose vertuous power
 Is at once to heale and draw.
 The blood returnes. I never saw
 A fayrer Mortall. Now doth breake
 Her deadly slumber; Virgin, speake.

Ano. Who hath restor'd my sense, given me new breath,
 And brought me backe out of the armes of death?

God. I have heald thy wounds. *Ano.* Ay me!

God. Feare not him that succour'd thee:

I am this Fountaines god; below,
 My waters to a River grow,
 And 'twixt two bankes with Osiers set,
 That onely prosper in the wet,
 Through the Meadows doe they glide,
 Wheeling still on every side,
 Sometimes winding round about,
 To find the evenest channell out.
 And if thou wilt goe with me,
 Leaving mortall company,
 In the coole streames shalt thou lye,
 Free from harme as well as I:
 I will give thee for thy food,
 No Fish that useth in the mud,
 But Trout and Pike that love to swim.

The faithfull Shepherdesse.

Where the gravell from the brim,
Through the pure streames may be seene:
Orient Pearle fit for a Queene,
Will I give thy love to win,
And a shell to keepe them in:
Not a Fish in all my Brooke
That shall disobey thy looke,
But when thou wilt, come sliding by,
And from thy white hand take a flye.
And to make thee understand,
How I can my waves command,
They shall bubble whilst I sing
Sweeter than the silver spring.

The Song.

*Doe not feare to put thy feet
Naked in the River sweet;
Thinke not Leach, or Newt, or Toad
Will bite thy foot, when thou hast trod;
Ner let the water rising high,
As thou wad'st in make thee crie
And sob, but ever live with mee;
And not a wave shall trouble thee.*

Amq. Immortal power, that rul'st this holy flood,
I know my selfe unworthy to be woo'd
By thee a god: for ere this, but for thee
I should have showne my weake Mortalitie:
Besides, by holy Oath betwixt us twaine,
I am betroath'd unto a Shepherd swaine,
Whose comely face, I know the gods above
May make me leave to see, but not to love.

God. May hee prove to thee as true,
Fairest Virgin, now adue,
I must make my waters flye,
Lest they leave their Channels dry,
And beasts that come unto the spring
Misse their mornings watering,
Which I would not; for of late
All the neighbour people fate
On my bankes, and from the fold,
Two white Lambs of three weeks old

Offered to my Deitie:
For which this yeare they shall be free
From raging floods, that as they passe
Leave their gravell in the grasse:
Nor shall their Meades be overflowne,
VVhen their grasse is newly mowne.

Amo. For thy kindnesse to me showne,
Never from thy bankes be blowne
Any tree, with windy force,
Crosse thy streames, to stop thy course:
May no beast that comes to drinke,
With his hornes cast downe thy brinke;
May none that for thy fish doe looke,
Cut thy bankes to damme thy Brooke;
Bare-foot may no Neighbour wade
In thy coole streames wife nor mayd,
VVhen the spawnes on stones doe lye,
To wash their Hempe, and spoyle the Frye.

God. Thanks Virgin, I must downe againe,
Thy wound will put thee to no paine:
Wonder not so soone 'tis gone;
A holy hand was layd upon. *Exit.*

Amo. And I unhappy borne to be,
Must follow him that flies from me.

Actus quartus, Scena prima.

Enter Perigot.

Per. Shee is untrue, unconstant, and unkinde,
She's gone, she's gone, blow high thou North-west winde,
And raise the Sea to Mountaines, let the Trees
That dare oppose thy raging fury, leese
Their firme foundation, creepe into the earth,
And shake the world, as at the monstrous birth
Of some new Prodigy, whilst I constant stazd,
Holding this trustie Boare-speare in my hand,
And falling thus upon it.

Enter Amarillis running.

Amar. Stay thy dead doing hand, thou art too hot

The faithfull Shepherdesse.

Against thy selfe, believe me comely Swaine,
If that thou dyest, not all the showers of Raine;
The heavy cloudes send downe can wash away
That foule unmanly guilt, the world will lay
Vpon thee. Yet thy love unrained stands :
Beleeve me she is constant, not the sands
Can be so hardly numbred as she wonne :
I doe not trifle, *Shepherd*, by the Moone,
And all those lesser lights our eyes doe view,
All that I told thee *Perigot*, is true :
Then be a free man, put away dispayre,
And will to dye, smooth gently up that fayre
Dejected forehead : be as when those eyes,
Tooke the first heat. *Per.* Alas he double dyes
That would believe, but cannot ; 'tis not well
Ye keepe me thus from dying here to dwell,
With many worse companions : but oh death,
I am not yet inamour'd of this breath
So much, but I dare leave it, 'tis not payne
In forcing of a wound, nor after gayne
Of many dayes, can hold me from my will :
'Tis not my selfe, but *Amoret*, bids kill.

Amo. Stay but a little, little, but one houre,
And if I doe not show thee through the power
Of hearbes and words I have, as darke as Night,
My selfe turn'd to thy *Amoret*, in sight,
Her very figure, and the Robe she weares,
With tawny Buskins, and the hooke she beares
Of thine owne Carving, where your names are set,
Wrought underneath with many a curious fret,
The *Prime Rose* Chaplet, taudry-lace and Ring,
Thou gavest her for her singing, with each thing
Else that she weares about her, let me feele
The first fell stroke of that Revenging Steele.

Per. I am contented, if there be a hope,
To give it entertainment, for the scope
Of one poore houre ; goe you shall finde me next
Under yon shady Beech, even thus perplex,
And thus beleeving. *Amo.* Bynde before I goe,
Thy soule by *Per* unto me, not to doe,

Harme or outrageous wrong upon thy life,
Till my returne.

Per. By *Pan* and by the strife,
He had with *Phæbus* for the Masterye,
When Golden *Mydas* judg'd their *Minstralcye*,
I will not. *Exeunt.*

Enter Satyre with Alexis hurt.

Satyr. Softly gliding as I goe,
With this burthen full of woe,
Through still silence of the night,
Guided by the Gloe-wormes light,
Hither am I come at last,
Many a Thicket have I past,
Not a twig that durst deny me,
Not a bush that durst descry me,
To the little Bird that sleepes
On the tender spray: nor creepes
That hardy worme with poynted taile,
But if I be under faile,
Flying faster then the wind,
Leaving all the cloudes behind,
But doth hide her tender head
In some hollow tree or bed
Of seeded Nettles: not a Hare
Can be started from his face,
By my footing, nor a wight
Is more sudden, nor a fish
Can be found, with greater ease,
On the vast unbounded seas,
Leaving neither print nor sound,
Then I, when nimble on the ground,
I measure many a league an houre:
But behold the happy bower,
That must ease me of my charge,
And by holy hand enlarge
The soule of this sad man, that yet
Lyes fast bound in deadly fit;
Heaven and great *Pan*, facker it
Hayle thou beauty of the bower,

Whiter then the Paramoure
Of my master, let me crave,
Thy vertuous helpe to keepe from Grave
This poore Mortall that here lyes,
Waiting when the destinales
Will undoe his thred of life :
View the wound by cruell knife
Trencht into him.

Clo. What art thou call' st me from my holy rights,
And with the feared name of death affrights
My tender Eares? speake me thy name and will.

Satyr. I am the *Satyre* that did fill
Your lap with early fruit, and will,
When I hap to gather more,
Bring ye better and more store :
Yet I come not empty now,
See a blossome from the bow,
But beshrew his heart that pulld it,
And his perfect sight that culld it
From the other Springing bloomes;
For a sweeter youth the Groomes
Cannot show me, nor the downes,
Nor the many neighbouring townes;
Low in yonder glade I found him,
Softly in mine Armes I bound him,
Hither have I brought him sleeping
In a trance, his wounds fresh weeping.
In remembrance such youth may
Spring and Perish in a day.

Clor. *Satyre*, they wrong thee, that doe terme thee rude,
Though thou beest outward rough and tawny hude :
Thy manners are as gentle and as faire
As his, who brags himselfe, borne onely heire
To all Humanity : let me see the wound;
This Hearbe will stay the current being bound
Fast to the Orifice, and this restraine
Ulcers, and Swellings, and such inward paine,
As the cold Ayre hath forc'd into the fore :
This to draw out such Putrifying gore
As inward falls.

Satyr. Heaven grant it may doe good.

Clor. Fayrely wipe away the bloud :

Hold him gently till I fling

Water of a vertuous spring

On his temples; turne him twice

To the Moone beames, pinch him thrice;

That the labouring soule may draw

From his great eclipse. *Satyr.* I saw

His Eye lids mooving. *Clor.* Give him breath,

All the danger of cold death

Now is vanisht, with this plaster,

And this unction, doe I master

All the festred ill that may

Give him griefe another day.

Satyr. See he gathers up his spright,

And begins to hunt for light,

Now a gapes and breaths againe:

How the bloud runs to the veine,

That earst was empty? *Alexis.* O my heart,

My dearest, dearest *Cloe*, O the smart

Runs through my side: I feele some poynted thing

Pass through my Bowels, sharper then the sting

Of *Scorpion*.

Pan preserve me, what are you?

Doe not hurt me, I am true

To my *Cloe*, though she flye,

And leave me to this destiny.

There she stands, and will not lend

Her smooth white hand to helpe her friend:

But I am much mistaken, for that face

Beares more Austerity and modest grace,

More reproving and more awe

Then these eyes yet ever saw

In my *Cloe*. Oh my paine

Eagerly Renewes againe.

Give me your helpe for his sake you love best.

Clor. Shepherd, thou canst not possible take rest,

Till thou hast laid aside all hearts desires,

Provoking thoughts that stirre up lusty fires,

Commerse with wanton eyes, strong blood, and will

Whiter then the Paramoure
Of my master, let me crave,
Thy vertuous helpe to keepe from Grave
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Give me your helpe for his sake you love best.

Clor. Shepherd, thou canst not possible take rest,

Till thou hast laid aside all hearts desires,

Provoking thoughts that stirre up lusty fires,

Commerse with wanton eyes, strong blood, and will

The faithfull Shepherdesse.

To execute, these must be purg'd untill
The veine grow whiter; then repent, and pray.
Great *Pan* to keepe you from the like decay,
And I shall undertake your cure with ease,
Till when this vertuous Plaster will displease
Your tender sides; give me your hand and rise:
Helpe him a little *Satyr*, for his thighes
Yet are feeble.

Alex. Sure I have lost much blood.

Satyr. 'Tis no matter, 't was not good.
Mortall you must leave your woiing,
Though there be a Ioy in doing,
Yet it brings much grieve behind it,
They best feele it, that doe find it.

Clor. Come bring him in, I will attend his fore.
When you are well, take heed you lust no more.

Satyr. Shepherd, see what comes of kissing
By my head 't were better missing.
Brightest, if there be remayning
Any service, without feigning
I will doe it; were I set
To catch the nimble wind, or get
Shaddowes glyding on the greene,
Or to steale from the great *Queene*,
Of *Fayryes*, all her Beauty,
I would doe it, so much duty
Doe I owe those precious Eyes.

Clor. I thanke thee honest *Satyr*, if the Cryes
Of any other that be hurt or ill,
Draw thee unto them, prithee doe thy will
To bring them hither.

Satyr. I will, and when the weather
Serves to Angle in the brooke,
I will bring a silver hooke,
With a line of finest silke,
And a rod as white as milke,
To deceive the little fish:
So I take my leave, and with,
On this Bower may ever dwell
Spring, and summer. *Clor.* Friend farewell, *Exit.*

Enter Amoret, seeking her love.

Amo. This place is Ominous, for here I lost
My love and almost life, and since have crost
All these woods over, never a Nooke or dell,
Where any little bird, or beast doth dwell,
But I have sought him, never a bending brow
Of any hill or glade, the wind sings through,
Nor a greene banke nor shade where Shepherds use
To sit and Riddle, sweetly pipe, or chuse
Their Valentines, that I have mist, to find
My love in. *Perigos*, Oh too unkind,
Why hast thou fled me? whither art thou gone?
How have I wrong'd thee? was my love alone
To thee worthy this scorn'd Recompence? tis well,
I am content to feele it: but I tell
Thee Shepherd, and these lustie woods shall heare,
Forfaken *Amoret* is yet as cleare
Of any stranger fire, as heaven is
From foule Corruption, or the deepe Abyffe
From light and happinesse; and thou mayst know
All this for truth, and how that fatall blow
Thou gay'st me, never from desert of mine,
Fell on my life, but from suspect of thine,
Or fury more then madnesse; therefore, here,
Since I have lost my life, my love, my deare,
Vpon this cursed place, and on this greene,
That first divorced us, shortly shall be seene
A sight of so great pittie, that each eye
Shall dayly spend his spring in memorye
Of my untimely fall.

Enter Amarillis.

Amaril. I am not blind,
Nor is it through the working of my mind,
That this shoves *Amoret*; forsake me all
That dwell upon the soule, but what men call
Wonder, or more then wonder Miracle,
For sure so strange as this the Oracle
Never gave answer of, it passeth dreames,
Or mad mens fancie, when the many streames
Of new Imaginations rise and fall:

The faithfull Shepherdesse.

'Tis but an houre since these Eares heard her call
For pittie to young *Perigot*; whilst he,
Directed by his fury Bloodely
Lanch't up her breast, which bloudlesse fell and cold;
And if beliefe may credit what was told,
After all this, the Melancholly Swaine
Tooke her into his Armes being almost flaine,
And to the bottome of the holy well,
Flung her, for ever with the waves to dwell.
'Tis she, the very same, 'tis *Amoret*,
And living yet, the great powers will not let
Their vertuous love be crost. Mayde, wipe away
Those heavy drops of sorrow, and allay
The storme that yet goes high, which not deprest;
Breakes heart and life, and all before it rest:
Thy *Perigot*. *Amo.* Where, which is *Perigot*?

Ama. Sits there below lamenting much god wot,
Thee and thy fortune, goe and comfort him,
And thou shalt finde him underneath a brim
Of sailing Pines that edge yon Mountaine in.

Amo. I goe, I run, Heaven grant me I may win
His soule againe.

Exit Amo.
Enter Sullen.

Sull. Stay *Amarillis*, stay,
Ye are to fleete, 'tis two houres yet to day?
I have perform'd my promise, let us sit
And warme our blouds together till the fit
Come lively on us. *Amo.* Friend you are to keene,
The Morning riseth and we shall be seene,
Forbeare a little. *Sull.* I can stay no longer.

Ama. Hold *Shepherd* hold, learne not to be a wronger
Of your word, was not your promise layd,
To breake their loves first?

Sul. I have done it maid.

Amo. No, they are yet unbroken, met againe,
And are as hard to part yet as the staine
Is from the finest lawne. *Sul.* I say they are
Now at this present parted, and so farre,
That they shall never meet.

Amar. Swaine'tis not so,
For doe but to yon hanging Mountaine goe,
And there believe your eyes.

Sullen. You doe but hold
Off with delayes and trifles; farewell cold
And frozen bashfulnesse, unfit for men;
Thus I salute thee virgin.

Amar. And thus then,
I bid you follow, Catch me if you can. *Exit.*

Sul. And if I stay behind I am no man. *Ex. running after her.*

Enter Perigot.

Per. Night doe not steale away: I woe thee yet
To hold a hard hand o're the Rusty bit
That guides thy lazy teame: goe backe againe,
Bootes, thou that driv'st thy frozen wane,
Round as a Ring, and bring a second Night
To hide my forrowes from the comming light;
Let not the eyes of men stare on my face,
And read my falling, give me some blacke place
Where never Sun beame shot his wholesome light,
That I may sit and powre out my sad spright,
Like running water never to be knowne
After the forced fall and sound is gone.

Enter Amoret looking of Perigot.

Amo. This is the bottome: speake if thou be here
My *Perigot*, thy *Amoret*, thy deare
Calls on thy loved Name.

Per. VVhat art thou dare
Tread these forbidden paths, where death and care
Dwell on the face of darkenesse?

Amo. 'Tis thy friend,
Thy *Amoret*, come hither to give end
To these consumings; looke up gentle Boy,
I have forgot those paines and deare annoy
I sufferd for thy sake, and am content
To be thy love againe; why hast thou rent
Those curled locks, where I have often hung
Ribands and damask-Roses, and have flung

Waters distilled to make thee fresh and gay,
Sweeter then the Nofegayes on a Bridall day?
Why dost thou crosse thine Armes, and hang thy face
Downe to thy bosome, letting fall apace
From those two little Heavens upon the ground
Showers of more price, more Orient, and more round
Then those that hang upon the Moones pale brow?
Cease these complainings, Shepherd, I am now
The same I ever was, as kinde and free,
And can forgive before you aske of me,
Indeed I can and will.

Per. So spoke my fayre.

O you great working powers of Earth and Ayre,
Water and forming fire, why have you lent
Your hidden vertues of so ill intent?
Even such a face, so faire, so bright of hew
Had *Amoret*, such words, so smooth and new,
Came flying from her tongue, such was her eye,
And such the poynted sparkle that did flye
Forth like a bleeding shaft, all is the same,
The Robe and Buskins, painted hooke, and frame
Of all her Body, O me *Amoret*.

Amo. Shepherd what meanes this Riddle, who hath set
So strong a difference t'wixt my selfe and me
That I am growne another? looke and see
The Ring thou gav'st me, and about my wrist
That curious bracelet thou thy selfe didst twist
From those faire Tresses: know'st thou *Amoret*?
Hath not some newer love forc'd thee forget
Thy Ancient faith?

Per. Still neerer to my love;
These be the very words she oft did prove
Vpon my temper, so she still would take
Wonder into her face, and silent make
Signes with her head and hand, as who would say,
Shepherd remember this another day.

Amo. Am I not *Amoret*; where was I lost?
Can there be heaven, and time, and men, and most
Of these unconstant, faith where art thou fled?
Are all the vowes and protestations dead,

The hands held up, the wishes, and the heart,
Is there not one remayning, nor a part
Of all these to be found? why then I see
Men never knew that vertue constancye.

Per. Men ever were most blessed, till crosse fate
Brought love and women forth unfortunate
To all that ever tasted of their smiles,
Whose actions are all double, full of wiles,
Like to the subtile Hare that fore the Hounds.
Makes many turnings, leapes, and many rounds,
This way and that way, to deceive the sent
Of her pursuers.

Amo. 'Tis but to prevent
Their speedy comming on that seeke her fall,
The hands of cruell men more Bestiall,
And of a nature more refusing good
Then beasts themselves or fishes of the flood.

Per. Thou art all these, and more then nature ment,
When she created all, frownes, joyes, content;
Extream fire for an hower, and presently
Colder then sleepey poyson, or the sea,
Vpon whose face sits a continuall frost:
Your actions ever driven to the most,
Then downe againe as low, that none can find
The rise or falling of a womans mind.

Amo. Can there be any Age, or dayes, or time,
Or tongues of men, guilty so great a crime
As wronging simple mayde? *O Perigot,*
Thou that wast yesterday without a blot,
Thou that wast every good, and every thing
That men call blessed; thou that wast the spring
From whence our looser groomes drew all their best;
Thou that wast alwaies Iust, and alwaies blest
In faith and promise; thou that hadst the name
Of vertuous given thee, and made good the same
Ev'n from thy Cradle; thou that wast that all
That men delighted in; Oh what a fall
Is this to have beene so, and now to be
The onely best in wrong and infamie,
And I to live to know this, and by me

That lov'd thee dearer then mine Eyes, or that
Which we esteem'd our honour, virgin state;
Dearer then swallowes love the early morne,
Or dogs of Chace the sound of merry horne;
Dearer then thou canst love thy new love, if thou hast
Another, and farre dearer then the last;
Dearer then thou canst love thy selfe, though all
The selfe love were within thee that did fall
With that coy Swaine that now is made a flower,
For whose deare sake, *Eccho* weepes many a shower.
And am I thus rewarded for my flame?
Lov'd worthily to get a wantons name?
Come thou forsaken willow winde my head,
And noyse it to the world my love is dead:
I am forsaken, I am cast away,
And left for every lazy groome to say
I was unconstant, light, and sooner lost
Then the quicke Clouds we see, or the chill Frost
When the hot sun beates on it. Tell me yet
Canst thou not love againe thy *Amoret*?

Per. Thou art not worthy of that blessed name,
I must not know thee, fling thy wanton flame
Vpon some lighter blood, that may be hot
VVith words and fained passions: *Perigot*
VVas ever yet unstain'd, and shall not now
Stocpe to the meltings of a borrowed brow.

Amo. Then heare me heaven, to whom I call for right,
And you faire twinckling starres that crowne the night,
And heare me woods, and silence of this place,
And ye sad houres that moove a fullen pace;
Heare me ye shadowes that delight to dwell
In horrid darknesse, and ye powers of Hell,
Whilst I breath out my last; I am that mayd,
That yet untainted *Amoret*, that played
The carelesse prodigall, and gave away
My soule to this young man, that now dares say
I am a stranger, not the same, more wild;
And thus with much beliefe I was beguild.
I am that Mayd, that have delayd, denyde,
And almost scorn'd the loves of all that tryde

To winne me but this swaine, and yet confesse
I have been wooed by many with no lesse
Soule of affection, and have often had
Rings, Belts, and Cracknels sent me from the lad
That feeds his flocks downe westward; Lambes and Doves
By young *Alexis*; *Daphnis* sent me gloves,
All which I gave to thee: nor these, nor they
That sent them did I smile on, or ere lay
Vp to my after-memory. But why
Doe I resolve to grieve, and not to dye?
Happy had been the stroke thou gav'st, if home,
By this time had I found a quiet roome
Where every slave is free, and every brest
That living breeds new care, now lies at rest,
And thither will poore *Amoret*.

Per. Thou must.

VVas ever any man so loath to trust
His eyes as I? or was there ever yet
Any so like as this to *Amoret*?
For whose deare sake, I promise if there be
A living soule within thee, thus to free
Thy body from it. *He hurts her againe.*

Amo. So, this worke hath end:
Farewell and live, be constant to thy friend
That loves thee next.

Enter Satyre, Perigot runnes off.

Satyr. See the day begins to breake,
And the light shoots like a streak
Of subtile fire; the winde blowes cold,
VVhilst the morning doth unfold;
Now the Birds begin to rouse,
And the Squirrill from the boughes
Leaps to get him Nutts and fruit;
The early Larke that earst was mute,
Carrolls to the rising day,
Many a note, and many a lay:
Therefore heere I end my Watch,
Lest the vvandering swaine should catch
Harne, or lose himselfe.

Amo. Ah me.

Satyr. Speake againe what ere thou be,
I am ready, speake i say:
By the dawning of the day,
By the power of Night and *Pan*
I inforce thee speake againe.

Amo. O I am most unhappie.

Satyr. Yet more bloud?
Sure these wanton Swaynes are wood.
Can there be a hand or heart,
Dare commit so vilde a part
As this Murder? by the Moone
That hid her selfe when this was done,
Never was a sweeter face:
I will beare her to the place
Where my Goddesse keepes; and crave
Her to give her life, or grave. *Exeunt.*

Enter Clorin.

Clor. Here whilst one patient takes his rest secure,
I steale abroad to doe another Cure.
Pardon thou buried body of my love,
That from thy side I dare so soone remove;
I will not prove unconstant, nor will leave
Thee for an houre alone. When I deceive
My first made vow, the wildest of the wood
Teare me, and o're thy Grave let out my blood;
I goe by wit to Cure a lovers paine
Which no hearbe can; being done, Ile come againe. *Exit.*

Enter Theob.

The. Poore Shepherd in this shade for ever lye,
And seeing thy fayre *Clorins* Cabin, dye:
O haplesse love, which being answered ends;
And as a little Infant cryes and bends
His tender Browes when rowling of his eye
He hath espy'd some thing that glisters nigh
VWhich he would have, yet give it him, away
He throwes it straight, and cryes a frsh to play
With some thing else: such my affection, set
On that which I should loath, if I could get.

Enter

Enter *Clorin*.

Clor. See where he lyes; did ever man but he
Love any woman for her Constancie
To her dead lover, which she needs must end
Before she can allow him for her friend,
And he himselfe must needs the cause destroy,
For which he loves, before he can enjoy?
Poore *Shepherd*, Heaven grant I at once may free
Thee from thy paine, and keepe my loyaltie:
Shepherd looke up.

The. Thy brightnesse doth amaze
So *Phæbus* may at noone bid mortalls gaze;
Thy glorious constancie appeares so bright,
I dare not meet the Beames with my weake sight.

Clor. Why dost thou pine away thy selfe for me?

The. Why dost thou keepe such spotlesse constancy?

Clor. Thou holy *Shepherd* see what for thy sake

Clorin, thy *Clorin*, now dare undertake. *He starts up.*

The. Stay there, thou constant *Clorin*, if there be
Yet any part of woman left in thee,
To make thee light: thinke yet before thou speake.

Clor. See what a holy vow for thee I breake:
I that already have my fame farre spread
For being constant to my lover dead.

The. Think yet deare *Clorin* of your love, how true,
If you had dyed, he would have beene to you.

Clor. Yet all He lose for thee.

The. Thinke but how blest
A constant woman is above the rest.

Clor. And offer up my selfe, here on this ground;
To be dispos'd by thee.

The. Why dost thou wound
His heart with Malice, against women more,
That hated all the Sex, but thee before?
How much more pleasant had it beene to me
To dye, then to behold this change in thee:
Yet, yet, returne, let not the woman sway:

Clor. Insult not on her now, nor use delay,
Who for thy sake hath ventur'd all her fame.

The faithfull Shepherdesse.

Then. Thou hast not ventur'd, but bought certaine shame,
Your Sexes curse, foule falshood must and shall,
I see, once in your lives, light on you all.
I hate thee now : yet turne.

Clor. Be just to me : shewst thou which needs
Shall I at once both lose my fame and thee ?

The. Thou hadst no fame, that which thou didst like good,
Was but thy appetite that swayd thy blood,
For that time to the best : for as a blast
That through a house comes, usually doth cast
Things out of order, yet by chance may come,
And blow some one thing to his proper roome :
So did thy appetite, and not thy zeale,
Sway thee by chance to do some one thing well.
Yet turne.

Clor. Thou dost but trie me if I would
For sake thy deare imbraces, for my old
Love's, though he were alive : but doe not feare.

Then. I doe contemne thee now, and dare come neere,
And gaze upon thee ; for me thinks that grace,
Austeritie, which sat upon that face
Is gone, and thou like others ; false mayd see,
This is the gaine of foule inconstancie. *Exit.*

Clor. 'Tis done, great *Pan* I give thee thanks for it,
What Art could not have heal'd, is cur'd by wit.

Enter Thenot againe.

Then. Will ye be constant yet ? will ye remove
Into the Cabin to your buried Love ?

Clor. No let me die, but by thy side remains.

The. There's none shall know that thou didst ever staine
Thy worthy strictnesse, but shalt honour'd be,
And I will lye againe under this tree,
And pine and dye for thee with more delight,
Than I have sorrow now to know thee light.

Clo. Let me have thee, and Ile be where thou wilt.

The. Thou art of womens race, and full of guilt.
Farewell all hope of that Sex, whilst I thought
There was one good, I fear'd to finde one nought :
For their minds I all alike espie,

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

Henceforth Ile chuse as others, by mine eye.

Clor. Blest be ye powers that gave such quicke redresse,
And for my labours sent so good successe.
I rather chuse, though I a woman be,
Hee should speake ill of all, than die for me.

Actus quintus, Scena prima.

Enter Priest, and old Shepheard.

Priest. Shepherds, rile and shake off sleepe,
See the blushing Morne doth peepe
Through the windowes, whilst the Sunne
To the mountaine tops is runne,
Gilding all the Vales below
With his rising flames, which grow
Greater by his climbing stil.
Vp ye lazie groomes, and fill
Bagg and Bottle for the field;
Claspe your cloakes fast, lest they yeeld
To the bitter Northeast wind.
Call the Maydens up, and find
Who lay longest, that she may
Goe without a friend all day;
Then reward your dogs, and pray
Pan to keepe you from decay:
So unfold and then away.

What not a Shepherd stirring? sure the groomes
Have found their beds too easie, or the roomes
Fill'd with such new delight, and heat, that they
Have both forgot their hungry sheepe, and day;
Knock, that they may remember what a shame
Sloth and neglect layes on a shepherds name.

Old Shep. It is to little purpose, not a swaine
This night hath knowne his lodging here, or aine
Within these cotes: the woods, or some neer towne,
That is a neighbour to the bordering Downe,
Hath drawne them thither, 'bout some lustie sport,
Or spiced Waffal-Boule, to which resort

The faithfull Shepherdesse.

All the young men and mayds of many a cote,
Whilst the trim Minstrell strikes his merry note.

Priest. God pardon sinne, show me the way that leads
To any of their haunts.

Old. This to the meads,
And thar downe to the woods.

Priest. Then this for me;
Come Shepherd let me crave your company.

Exeunt.

*Enter Clorin in her Cabin, Alexis with her,
and Amarillis.*

Clor. Now your thoughts are almost pure,
And your wound begins to cure:
Strive to banish all thats vaine,
Lest it should breake out againe.

Alex. Eternall thanks to thee, thou holy mayd:
I find my former wandring thoughts well stayd
Through thy wise precepts, and my outward paine,
By thy choice hearbes is almost gone againe:
Thy sexes vice and vertue are reveal'd
As once, for what one hurt another heal'd.

Clor. May thy grieffe more appease,
Relapses are the worst disease.
Take heed how you in thought offend,
So mind and body both will mend.

Enter Satyre with Amoret.

Amo. Beeft thou the wildest creature of the wood,
That bearest me thus away, drown'd in my blood,
And dying, know I cannot injur'd be,
I am a mayd, let that name fight for me.

Satyr. Fairest virgin doe not feare
Me, that doth thy body beare,
Not to hurt, but heal'd to be;
Men are ruder faire then we.
See faire Goddess in the wood,
They have let out yet more blood.

Some savage man hath stricke her brest
With his white, that no wilde beast
Could touch a sleepe, or wake:

So sweet, that *Adder, Newt, or Snake,*
Would have laine from arme, to arme,
On her bosome to be warme
All a night, and being hot,
Gone away and stung her not.
Quickly clap hearbes to her brest;
A man sure is a kind of beast.

Clor. With spotlesse hand, on spotlesse brest
I put these hearbes to give thee rest:
Which till it heale thee, will abide
If both be pure, if not, off slide.
See it falls off from the wound,
Shepherdesse thou art not sound,
Full of lust.

Satyr. Who would have thought it,
So faire a face.

Clor. Why that hath brought it.

Amr. For ought I know or thinke, these words, my last:
Yet *Pan*, so helpe me as my thoughts are chaste.

Clor. And so may *Pan* blesse this my cure,
As all my thoughts are just and pure;
Some uncleannesse nigh doth lurke,
That will not let my medicines worke.

Satyr search if thou canst find it.

Satyr. Here away me thinks I wind it,
Stronger yet, Oh here they be,
Here, here, in a hollow tree,
Two fond mortals have I found.

Clor. Bring them out, they are unfound.

Enter Cloe, and Daphnis.

Satyr. By the fingers thus I wring ye,
To my Goddesse thus I bring ye;
Strife is vaine, come gently in,
I sented them, they're full of sinne.

Clor. Hold *Satyr*, take this G'sse,
Sprinkle over all the place,
Purge the Ayre from lustfull breath,
To save this Shepherdess from death,
And stand you still whilst I doe dress
Her wound for feare the paine increase.

Satyr. From this glasse I throw a drop
Of Christall water on the top
Of every grasse, on flowers a paire:
Send a fume and keepe the ayre
Pure, and wholesome, sweet and blest,
Till this Virgins wound be drest.

Clor. *Satyre*, helpe to bring her in.

Satyr. By *Pan*, I thinke she hath no sin,
She is so light: lye on these leaves.
Sleepe that mortall sense deceives,
Crowne thine eyes, and ease thy paine,
Mayest thou soone be well againe.

Clor. *Satyre*, bring the shepherd neere,
Trie him if his mind be cleare.

Saty. Shepherd come.

Daph. My thoughts are pure.

Saty. The better tryall to endure.

Clor. In this flame his finger thrust,
Which will burne him if he lust;
But if not, away will turne,
As loath unspotted flesh to burne.
See it gives backe, let him goe.
Farewell Mortall, keepe thee so.

Saty. Stay faire Nymph, flye not so fast,
We must trie if you be chaste:
Heere's a hand that quakes for feare,
Sure shee will not prove so cleare.

Clor. Hold her finger to the flame,
That will yeeld her praise or shame.

Sat. To her doome she dares not stand,
But pluckes away her tender hand,
And the Taper darting sends
His hot beames at her fingers ends.
O thou art foule within, and hast
A mind, if nothing else, unchaste.

Alex. Is not that *Cloe*? 'tis my love, 'tis she:
Cloe, faire *Cloe*.

Cloe. My *Alexis*. *Alex.* Hee.

Cloe. Let me imbrace thee. *Clor.* Take her hence,
Lest her sight disturbe his sense.

Alex. Take

Alex. Take not her, take my life first.

Clor. See his wound againe is burst :
Keepe her neere, here in the wood,
Till I have stop't these streames of blood,
Soone againe he ease shall find,
If I can but still his mind :
This curtaine thus I doe display,
To keepe the piercing Ayre away:

Enter Old Shepherd, and Priest.

Priest. Sure they are lost for ever; 'tis in vaine
To find them out, with trouble and much paine,
That have a ripe desire, and forward will
To flye the company of all but ill.
What shall be counsaill'd now, shall we retire,
Or constant follow still that first desire
We had to find them ?

Old. Stay a little while ;
For, if the Mornings mist doe not beguile
My sight with shaddowes, Sure I see a swaine,
One of this jolly troopes come backe againe.

Enter Thenot.

Pri. Dost thou not blush yong shepherd to be knowne,
Thus without care, leaving thy flocks alone,
And following what desire and present blood
Shapes out before thy burning sense, for good,
Having forgot what tongue hereafter may
Tell to the world thy falling off, and say
Thou art regardlesse both of good and shame,
Spurning at vertue, and a vertuous name,
And like a glorious desperate man that buyes
A poyson of much price, by which he dyes,
Dost thou lay out for lust, whose onely gaine
Is foule discase, with present age and paine,
And then a Grave ? These be the fruits that grow
In such hot veines that onely beate to know
Where they may take most ease, and grow ambitious
Through their owne wanton fire, and pride delicious.
The. Right holy sir, I have not knowne this night,

What the smooth face of Mirth was, or the sight
Of any looseneffe; musicke, joy and ease
Have beene to me as bitter drugs to please
A stomacke lost with weakenesse: not a game
That I am skild at throughly, nor a Dame,
Went her tongue smother then the feet of Time,
Her beauty ever living like the Rime.
Our blessed *Tyirus* did sing of yore,
No, were she more entising then the flore
Of fruitfull Summer, when the loaden tree
Bids the faint Traveller be bold and free,
T'were but to me like Thunder 'gainst the bay,
Whose lightning may inclose, but never stay
Upon his charmed branches; such am I
Against the catching flames of womans eye.

Priest. Then wherefore hast thou wandred?

The. T'was a vow

That drew me out last night, which I have now
Strictly perform'd, and homewards goe to give
Fresh pasture to my sheepe, that they may live.

Pri. 'Tis good to heare ye Shepherd, if the heart
In this well sounding Musicke beare his part.
VVhere have you left the rest?

The. I have not seene,
Since yesternight wee met upon this Greene
To fould our flocks up, any of that traine;
Yet have I walkt those woods round, and have laine:
All this same night under an aged tree,
Yet neither wandring Shepherd did I see,
Or Shepherdesse, or drew into mine eare
The sound of living thing, unlesse it were
The Nightingale among the thicke leav'd spring
That sits alone in sorrow, and doth sing
Whole nights away in mourning, or the Owle,
Or our great Enemy that still doth howle
Against the Moones cold beames.

Priest. Goe and beware
Of after falling.

The. Father 'tis my care.

Exit The not.

Enter

Enter Daphnis.

Old. Here comes another stragler, sure I see
A shame in this young shepherd. *Daphnis.*

Daph. Hee.

Prie. Where hast thou left the rest, that should have been
Long before this, grazing upon the Greene
Their yet imprison'd flocks?

Daph. Thou holy man,
Give me a little breathing till I can
Be able to unfould what I have seene;
Such horreur, that the like hath never beene
Knowne to the care of shepherd: oh my heart
Labours a double motion to impart
So heavie tydings! you all know the Bower
Where the chaste *Clorin* lives, by whose great power
Sicke men and cattell have beene often cur'd,
There lovely *Amoret* that was assur'd
To lusty *Perigot*, bleeds out her life,
Forc'd by some Iron hand and fatall knife;
And by her, young *Alexis*.

Enter Amarillis running from her Sullen Shepherd

Amaril. If there be
Ever a Neighbour-brooke or hollow tree
Receive my body, close me up from lust
That followes at my heeles; be ever just,
Thou god of shepherds, *Pan*, for her deare sake
That loves the Rivers brinks, and still doth shake
In cold remembrance of thy quicke pursute:
Let me be made a reede, and ever mute,
Nod to the waters fall, whilst every blast
Sings through my slender leaves that I was chaste.

Priest. This is a night of wonder, *Amarill*
Be comforted, the holy gods are still
Revengers of these wrongs.

Amaril. Thou blessed man,
Honour'd upon these plaines, and lov'd of *Pan*,
Heare me, and save from endlesse infamie
My yet unblasted flower, *Virginie*:
By all the Garlands that have crown'd that head,

By thy chaste office, and the marriage bed
That still is blest by thee, by all the rights
Due to our God, and by those virgin lights
That burne before his Altar, let me not
Fall from my former state to gaine the blo:
That never shall be purged, I am not now
That wanton *Amarillis*: here I vow
To heaven, and thee grave father, if I may,
Scape this unhappy night, to know the day,
A virgin, never to endure
The tongues, or company of men unpure.
I heare him, come, save me.

Priest. Retire a while
Behind this bush, till we have knowne that vile
Abuser of young Maydens.

Enter Sullen.

Sul. Stay thy pace,
Most loved *Amarillis*, let the chafe
Grow calme and milder, flye me not so fast,
I feare the pointed Brambles have unlac'd
Thy golden Buskins; turne againe and see
Thy Shepherd follow, that is strong and free,
Able to give thee all content and ease.
I am not bashfull virgin, I can please
At first encounter, hug thee in mine arme,
And give thee many kisses, soft and warme
As those the Sunne Prints on the smiling cheek
Of Plums or mellow Peaches; I am flecke
And smooth as *Neptune*, when sterne *Eolus*
Locks up his furly winde, and nimbly thus
Can shew my Active youth; why dost thou flye?
Remember *Amarillis* it was I
That kild *Alexis* for thy sake, and set
An everlasting hate t'wixt *Amores*
And her beloved *Perigot*; t'was I
That drown'd her in the well, where she must lye
Till time shall leave to be; then turne againe,
Turne with thy open armes, and clip the swaine
That hath perform'd all this, turne, turne I say:
Thou shalt not be deluded.

Priest. Monster stay,
Thou that art like a canker to the state
Thou liv'st and breath'st in, eating with debate
Through every honest bosome, forcing still
The veines of any that may serve thy will,
Thou that hast offer'd with a sinfull hand
To seize upon this virgin that doth stand
Yet trembling here.

Sull. Good holinesse declare,
What had the danger beene, if being bare
I had imbrae'd her, tell me by your Art,
What comming wonders would that sight impart?

Priest. Lust, and a branded soule.

Sull. Yet tell me more,
Hath not our Mother Nature for her store
And great increale, said it is good and just,
And wills that every living creature must
Beget his like?

Priest. Ye are better read then I,
I must confesse in bloud and Lechery.
Now to the Bower, and bring this beast along,
Where he may suffer Pennance for his wrong.

Exeunt.

Enter Perigot with his hand bloody.

Per. Here will I wash it in this mornings dew.
Which she on every little grasse doth strew
In silver drops against the Sunnes appeare:
'Tis holy water and will make me cleere.
My hand will not be cleans'd. My wronged love,
If thy chaste spirit in the Ayre yet move,
Looke mildly downe on him that yet doth stand
All full of guile, thy blood upon his hand;
And though I stricke thee undeservedly,
Let my revenge on her that injur'd thee
Make lesse a fault which I intended not,
And let these dew drops wash away my spot.
It will not cleanse. O to what sacred fount
Shall I resort to wash away this blood?
Amidst these Trees the holy *Clorin* dwells
In a low Cabin of cut boughs, and heales

All wounds ; to her I will my selfe addresse,
And my rash faults repentantly confesse ;
Perhaps shee'll find a meanes by Art or Prayer,
To make my hand with chaste bloud stained, faire :
That done, not far hence underneath some tree,
Ile have a little Cabbin built, since shee
Whom I ador'd is dead, there will I give
My selfe to strictnesse, and like *Clorin* live. *Exit*

*The Curtaine is drawne, Clorin appears sitting in the cabin,
Amoret sitting on the one side of her, Alexis and Cloe
on the other, the Satyre standing by.*

Clor. Shepherd, once more your bloud is stayd,
Take example by this Mayd,
Who is heal'd ere you be pure,
So hard it is lewd lust to cure.
Take heed then how you turne your eye
On these other lustfully :
And Shepherdesse take heed lest you
Moove his willing eye thereto ;
Let no wring, nor pinch, nor smile
Of yours his weaker sense beguile.
Is your love yet true and chaste,
And for ever so to last ?

Alex. I have forgot all vaine desires,
All looser thoughts, ill tempred fires.
True love I find a pleasant fume,
Whose moderate heat can nere consume.

Cloe. And I a new fire feele in me,
Whose base end is not quencht to be.

Clor. Ioyne your hands with modest touch,
And for ever keepe you such.

Enter Perigot.

Per. Yon is her cabin, thus farre off Ile stand,
And call her forth: for my unhallowed hand
I dare not bring so neere yon sacred place.

Clorin come forth, and doe a timely grace
To a poore Swaine.

Clor. What art thou that dost call?

Clorin

Clorin is ready to doe good to all:

Come neere.

Peri. I dare not.

Clor. Satyre, see

Who it is that calls on me.

Saty. There at hand some Swaine doth stand,
Stretching out a bloudie hand.

Peri. Come *Clorin*, bring thy holy waters cleare,
To wash my hand.

Clor. What wonders have been here
To night! stretch forth thy hand yong swaine,
Wash and rubbe it whilst I raine
Holy water.

Peri. Still you powre,
But my hand will never scowre.

Clor. Satyr, bring him to the Bower,
We will trie the soveraigne power
Of other waters.

Saty. Mortall, sure
'Tis the bloud of Mayden pure
That stains thee so.

*The Satyr leadeth him to the Bower, where he spieth Amoret,
and kneeling downe, she knoweth him.*

Peri. What e're thou be,
Beest thou her spright, or some divinitie,
That in her shape thinkes good to walke this grove,
Pardon poore *Perigot*.

Amor. I am thy love,
Thy *Amoret*, for evermore thy love:
Strike once more on my naked brest, Ile prove
As constant still. O couldst thou love me yet;
How soone should I my former griefes forget!

Peri. So over-great with joy, that you live, now
I am, that no desire of knowing how
Doth seize me; hast thou still power to forgive?

Amo. Whilst thou hast power to love, or I to live;
More welcome now then hadst thou never gone
Astray from me.

Peri. And when thou lov'st alone

And not I, death, or some lingring paine
That's worse, light on me.

Clor. Now your staine
Perhaps will clense thee once againe ;
See the blood that earst did stay,
With the water drops away.
All the Powers againe are pleas'd,
And with this new knot are appeas'd.
Ioyne your hands, and rise together,
Pan be blest that brought you hither.

Enter Priest, and Old Shepherd.

Clorin. Goe backe againe what ere thou art, unlesse
Smooth Mayden thoughts possesse thee, doe not presse
This hallowed ground. Goe *Satyr*, take his hand,
And give him present triall.

Satyr. Mortall stand,
Till by fire I have made knowne
Whether thou be such a one,
That mayst freely tread this place.
Hold thy hand up ; never was
More untainted flesh than this.
Fairest, he is full of blisse.

Clor. Then boldly speake, why dost thou seeke this place?

Priest. First, honour'd Virgin, to behold thy face
Where all good dwells : that is ; next for to try
The truth of late report was given to me :
Those Shepherds that have met with foule mischance,
Through much neglect, and more ill governance,
Whether the wounds they have may yet endure
The open ayre, or stay a longer cure.
And lastly, what the doome may be shall light
Vpon those guilty wretches, through whole spight
All this confusion fell : For to this place,
Thou holy Mayden, have I brought the race
Of these offenders, who have freely told,
Both why, and by what means they gave this bold
Attempt upon their lives.

Clorin. Fume all the ground,
And sprinkle holy water, for unsound

And

And foule infection gins to fill the Ayre:
It gathers yet more strongly; take a paire
Of Censers filld with Frankinsence and Myrrhe,
Together with cold Camphyre: quickly stirre
Thee, gentle *Satyre*, for the place begins
To sweat and labour with the abhorred sins
Of those offenders; let them not come nigh,
For full of itching flame and leprosie
Their very soules are, that the ground goes backe,
And shrinks to feele the fallen waight of blacke
And so unheard-of venome; hye thee fast
Thou holy man, and banish from the chaste
These manlike monsters, let them never more
Be knowne upon these downes, but long before
The next Sunnes rising, put them from the sight
And memory of every honest wight.
Be quicke in expedition, lest the sores
Of these weake patients breake into new gores.

Ex. Priest.

Per. My deare, deare *Amoret*, how happy are
Those blessed paires, in whom a little jarre
Hath bred an everlasting love, too strong
For time, or Steele, or envy to doe wrong?
How doe you feele your hurts? alas poore heart
How much I was abus'd; give me the smart
For it is justly mine.

Amo. I doe believe.

It is enough deare friend, leave off to grieve,
And let us once more in despight of ill
Give hands and hearts againe.

Per. With better will

Then e're I went to find in hottest day
Coole Christall of the fountaine, to allay
My eager thirst: may this band never breake.
Heare us O heaven.

Amo. Be constant.

Per. Else *Pan* wreake,
With double vengeance, my disloyalty;
Let me not dare to know the company
Of men, or any more behold those eyes.

Amo. Thus Shepherd with a kisse all envy dyes.

The faithfull Shepherdesse.

Enter Priest.

Prie. Bright Mayd, I have perform'd your will, the swaine
In whom such heat and blacke rebellions raigne
Hath undergone your sentence, and disgrace :
Onely the Mayd I have reserv'd, whose face
Shewes much amendment, many a teare doth fall
In sorrow of her fault, great faire recall
Your heavie doome, in hope of better dayes,
V Which I dare promise ; once againe upraise
Her heavie Spirit that neere drowned lyes
In selfe consuming care that never dyes.

Clor. I am content to pardon, call her in;
The Ayre growes coole againe, and doth begin
To purge it selfe; how bright the day doth show,
After this stormie cloud? goe *Satyre*, goe;
And with this taper boldly try her hand,
If she be pure and good, and firmly stand
To be so still, we have perform'd a worke
Worthy the gods themselves. *Satyre brings Amarillis in.*

Satyr. Come forward Mayden, doe not lurke,
Nor hide your face with griefe and shame,
Now or never, get a name
That may raise thee, and recure
All thy life that was impure :
Hold your hand unto the flame;
If thou beest a perfect dame,
Or hast truely vow'd to mend,
This pale fire will be thy friend..
See the taper hurts her not.
Goe thy wayes, let never spot
Henceforth seize upon thy bloud.
Thanke the gods and still be good.

Clor. Young Shepherdesse, now ye are brought againe
To virgin state, be so, and so remaine
To thy last day, unlesse the faithfull love
Of some good Shopherd force thee to remove ;
Then labour to be true to him, and live
As such a one, that ever strives to give
A blessed memory to after Time.

Be famous for your good, not for your crime.
Now holy man, I offer up againe
These patients full of health, and free from paine:
Keepe them from after ill, be ever neere
Unto their actions, teach them how to cleere
The tedious way they passe through, from suspect,
Keepe them from wronging others, or neglect
Of duty in themselves, correct the bloud
With thrifrie bits and labour, let the floud,
Or the next neighbouring spring give remedy
To greedy thirst, and travell not the tree
That hangs with wanton clusters, let not wine
Unlesse in sacrifice, or rights divine,
Be ever knowne of Shepherds, have a care
Thou man of holy life. Now doe not spare
Their faults through much remissnesse, nor forget
To cherish him, whose many paines and swet
Hath giv'n increase, and added to the downes.
Sort all your Shepherds from the lazy clownes
That feed their heifers in the budded Broomes:
Teach the young Maydens stricktnesse, that the groomes
May ever feare to tempt their blowing youth;
Banish all complements, but single truth
From every tongue, and every Shepherds hearr,
Let them still use perswading, but no Art:
Thus holy Priest, I wish to thee and these,
All the best goods and comforts that may please.

Alex. And all those blessings Heaven did ever give,
We pray upon this Bower may ever live.

Prie. Kneele every Shepherd, whilst with powerfull hand
I blesse your after labours, and the Land
You feed your flocks upon. Great Pan defend you
From misfortune, and amend you,
Keepe you from those dangers still,
That are followed by your will,
Give ye meanes to know at length
All your riches, all your strength,
Cannot keepe your foot from falling
To lewd lust, that still is calling
At your cottage, till his power

Bring againe that golden houre,
Of peace and rest to every soule,
May his care of you controule
All diseases, sores or paine
That in after time may raigne,
Either in your flocks or you,
Give ye all affections new,
New desires, and tempers new,
That ye may be ever true.
Now rise and goe, and as ye passe away
Sing to the god of sheepe, that happy lay,
That honest *Dorus* taught ye, *Dorus*, he
That was the soule and god of melody.

The Song

they all sing.

All ye woods, and trees, and bowers,
All ye vertues and ye powers
That inhabit in the lakes,
In the pleasant springs or Brakes;
Move your feet
To our sound,
Whilst we greet
All this ground,
With his honour and his name
That defends our flocks from blame.
He is great, and he is just,
He is ever good, and must
Thus be honour'd: *Daffadillies*,
Roses, *Pinks*, and loved *Lillies*,
Let us sing,
Whilst we sing,
Ever holy,
Ever holy,
Ever honour'd, ever young,
Thus great Pan is ever sung.

Exeunt.

Saty. Thou divinest, fairest, brightest,
Thou most powerfull Mayd, and whitest,
Thou most vertuous and most blessed,
Eyes of starres, and golden tressed

Like

Like *Apollo*, tell me sweetest,
What new service now is meetest
For the *Satyre*? shall I stray
In the middle ayre and stay
The sayling Racke, or nimbly take
Hold by the Moone, and gently make
Sute to the pale Queene of night
For a beame to give thee light?
Shall I dive into the Sea,
And bring thee corral, making way
Through the rising waves that fall
In snowie fleeces? deereft, shall
I catch the wanton Fawnes, or flyes,
Whose woven wings the Summer dyes
Of many colours? get thee fruit?
Or steale from heaven old *Orpheus* Lute?
All these Ile venter for, and more,
To doe her service all these woods adore.

Clor. No other service *Satyre*, but thy watch
About these thickets, lest harmeleffe people catch
Mischiefe or sad mischance.

Satyr. Holy virgin, I will dance
Round about these woods as quicke
As the breaking light, and pricke
Downe the lawnes, and downe the vales,
Faster then the Windmill sailes.
So I take my leave, and pray
All the comforts of the day,
Such as *Phæbus* heat doth send
On the earth, may still befriend
Thee, and this Arbour.

Clor. And to thee,
All thy Masters love be free.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

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